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"THE ISTHMIAN-CANAL PROJECTS"—*By H. L. Nelson*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AN INTERCEPTED MESSAGE

A BOER PICKET EXAMINING A DESPATCH BORNE BY A CARRIER-PIGEON

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 17, 1900

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A School of Diplomacy

SOME idea of the way in which the United States are regarded by the people of the East may be gathered from a study of their course of procedure in the matter of the promotion of their diplomats. It is quite evident that our friends of the Orient consider Washington as a sort of school of instruction for ministers and ambassadors, where they may study what is possibly the most intricate political system known to the civilized world. They apparently reason that any man who can survive a season of four years at Washington without putting his foot into some particularly deep and dismal hole is equal to any mission, however extraordinary, however exacting; for it has now happened for the third time that an Oriental representative at Washington has been accredited to the Russian court. The fortunate three individuals are YANG-YU, lately of Washington, now Chinese representative at St. Petersburg; CHIN POM-YE, of Korea, who is shortly to leave Washington to look after the interests of his people in Russia; and Mr. KOMURA of Japan, who has just received notice of his promotion to the Muscovite court. All of these gentlemen have served a term in the shadow of the American Capitol before assuming the unusually delicate burdens which are now to rest upon their shoulders—burdens the bearing of which requires the most consummate diplomatic skill, an inherent and tried sagacity, and a training of more than ordinary thoroughness.

Whether or not this is a compliment to ourselves it is difficult to say. The conclusions reached must depend largely upon the spectacles through which the mind considering the subject views the situation. The chronic despondent who never sees anything save through blue goggles will probably tell us that we have no reason to be proud of it, whereas the man who takes a roseate view of life will think otherwise. It is proper to say, however, that it undoubtedly requires rare delicacy and tact for a representative of a foreign power to avoid the pitfalls of the American capital, where, the moment a Secretary of State attempts to do anything involving the relations of the United States with other nations, he becomes the target of the opposition, and before night is left, in some quarters, apparently without a shred of reputation to protect him. The individual who can steer his craft through the seething channels betwixt the Scylla and Charybdis of American politics without a bump need fear no other rock in the sea of international diplomacy, and it is quite evident that the nations of the East are alive to the fact. There is probably no more dangerous rock ahead of Asiatic statecraft than that which obtrudes itself from the ocean of Russian intrigue, and it is little wonder that the powers of the East first send their representatives to Washington, there to learn the principles of navigation before intrusting to them the duties of pilot through the perilous waters of Muscovy.

The President Speaks

IT was very pleasing the other day to hear the voice of the President of the United States proclaiming to the people that we have entangling alliances with none and cordial relations with all of the nations of the earth. There has been so much inside information to the contrary given out of late by persons "high in authority," that we had almost come to believe that there was a private wire connecting the White House with Downing Street, and that Secretary HAY was merely an agent of her Majesty's ministers in this country. It would not have surprised us at any moment to hear that, with the connivance of the administration, Lord PAUNCEFOTE had indulged in a *coup d'état*, and forced us to become once more a dependency of the British Empire. It is a positive relief to hear from the exalted lips of the President himself that our misgivings are ill founded, and that in all probability we shall be permitted to manage our own affairs without interference from the nefarious SALISBURY, for a little while longer.

It was not quite so wise for the President, however, to aver that we ought not to enter into any schemes of empire. In thus striking at imperialism the President at one blow destroys one of the most flourishing industries in this land, and unless he quickly recants we may expect untold misery during the coming summer among the employees of the ATKINSON Speech and Pamphlet Company at Boston, of the WINSLOW Wrapper-Works in the same neighborhood, as well as among the clerical staff of the W. J. BRYAN Grievance Bureaus, with branch offices all over the United States. It is not consistent with his duties as stepfather of his country for Mr. MCKINLEY thus ruthlessly to interfere with the innocent amusements of his children.

France and the United States

THAT we are enjoying amicable relations with France the President did not need to assure us. Just now every nation is enjoying amicable relations with France, and for an excellent reason. France is engaged in an enterprise which commends itself to everybody, and particularly to ourselves. France is getting up a show, and we are all doing our best to make the show a success, since in the exhibition shortly to be opened at Paris we are all hoping to demonstrate what we can do along scientific, art, and industrial lines. There are but two nations in the world at the present time who give the other nations a chance to prove their greatness. One of these is France; the other is the United States. Nobody expects to hear nowadays of a world's fair in Great Britain, or a universal exposition in Germany, or even of a county fair in Russia, Italy, Austria, or Spain. The republics do this thing because the individual counts for so much in a republic that he cannot be ignored when he has done something and wants to show it to the world. Whatever the feeling of the American citizen toward the French Republic may be—and when the American citizen gets on the DREYFUS matter he is not altogether pleasant in his observations—he is interested in the nation that gives him a chance to demonstrate his equality with everybody else and his superiority to most. He is not going out of his way to force his representatives to quarrel with those of another people who may be useful to him, and therefore everything is right and proper as between the two governments.

The Catchword as an Issue

THE timeliness of the President's utterance on the question of "Imperialism" will be somewhat emphasized in the minds of our readers who note the views as to coming issues set forth in the article by Mr. CLARK HOWELL in another part of this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Mr. HOWELL'S voice is an authoritative one in the councils of his party, and what he says in its behalf may be regarded as *ex cathedra*. On the other hand, the President's views are likely to have some influence with those who are about to place him once more in nomination for the Chief Magistracy of the nation; and it is quite possible that, in spite of the wish of Mr. HOWELL'S party to have the silver question relegated to the background and the various other vagaries of the Chicago platform conveniently ignored in behalf of the issue of imperialism, the astute gentlemen on the other side will not permit the issue to be so nicely drawn.

With both parties on record as against "Imperialism," it might be well to elect our next President by acclamation, unless, despite Mr. MCKINLEY'S warning, we are so fond of conflict that we insist upon fighting over a "phrase or catchword."

The Constructive Yankee

THERE is one portion of Mr. WHITELAW REID'S able address before the Massachusetts Club at Boston, last week, which should command the attention of all who are trying to settle the vexatious problem of what we shall do with the Philippines. Mr. REID spoke of those who were "true Yankees in the best sense," and he asserted that these "spent no time in quarrelling over how we got into our trouble. Their one concern was how to get out to the greatest advantage of the country." And later he spoke of "the *constructive* statesmen of the republic, from the days of the man who wrote the Declaration and of those who made the Constitution, down to the days of the men who conquered California, bought Alaska, and denied the right of self-government to JEFFERSON DAVIS."

Mr. REID'S remarks were singularly free from passion. They were well considered, calm, and tolerant to the degree of amiability, but they were none the less forceful, and if they fell upon the kind of intellectual soil for which the commonwealth of Massachusetts has been most noted in the past, they must bring forth good fruit. The "best kind of Yankee" has always been easy to find in Massachusetts, and it will be surprising if, when all has been said and done in the Philippine matter, it is found that her statesmen have been of the destructive rather than of the constructive order. But the commonwealth must wake up if this is to be the ultimate. Up to this time her self constituted spokesmen, and one of her official spokesmen as well, have indulged only in the futile pastime of pulling down what others are trying to build up. They offer nothing in place of that which they would destroy. If they would be considered when the goal is reached and the prizes are won, they must aid in the building up, and that without reference to "how we got into our trouble," but "to how we shall get out of it to the best advantage of the country."

A Commendable Measure

WHILE the country at large has been agitating itself over the Puerto Rico tariff question the State of Maryland has been taking note of the needs of the diamond-back terrapin. It has been quite evident for a long time that, in spite of an almost prohibitive tariff on this esteemed product at our metropolitan restaurants, the appetite of the affluent American citizen for its delights was not to be stayed without legislative action. The unfortunate terrapin has found an appreciation among us that has actually threatened his existence. He has wellnigh been killed by his popularity, and in taking note of his possible extinction, and making an honest effort to protect him from the effects of his pleasing qualities, the Marylanders are doing the proper thing. That he should be permitted to rest in quiet and allowed to devote himself wholly to his private affairs from the first of April until the first of November is his due, and a grateful nation of epicures should thank the Maryland Legislature for its action, which can result only in good for all concerned.

A Disappointed Duke

IT appears from recent information received from Spain that the Duke of Veragua is very much out of patience with the American people. They do not treat him with that distinguished financial consideration to which, as a descendant of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, he thinks he is entitled. That we should not provide the sole living representative of our discoverer with an income commensurate to his ducal dignities and bovine tastes strikes him as a wicked and tactless bit of inexcusable neglect. That it is our duty to keep him in funds sufficient to pay for his private bull-fighting diversions, at least, his grace is convinced; and that after having basked in the sunlight of his smile during his visit to this country in 1893, and been permitted to look upon his glorious person without extra charge at that time, we should thenceforth ignore not only himself, but his necessities, is proof to him that we are a nation of ignoble ingrates. We are sorry for the Duke, and we are not quite sure that he has not some claim upon our generosity—not, however, because he is the descendant of COLUMBUS, but because he loaned his person to us at a time when by so doing he lent added interest to a great American enterprise. If he bases his claim merely upon his ancestry, we may tell him that he is playing with a sword with a double edge. If COLUMBUS had not discovered us, we should have been spared no end of trouble. Entangling alliances are impossible with an undiscovered people, and left alone in our primeval state we should have escaped many of the vexatious problems which are now confronting our people. It is indeed an open question which of us, ourselves or COLUMBUS, is most indebted to the other for his intrusion upon our affairs. But if his Grace of Veragua will put in a claim against us based upon his value to us as a side-show to our World's Fair of 1893, he may have at least one leg to stand on. Had the Duke hired a hall in Chicago, and there placed himself on exhibition at so much a peep, there is no doubt that he would have gone back to Spain far richer than when he came. If in failing to do this and in placing himself on free exhibition he sustained a real and ascertainable financial loss, it may be well for us to take his case into favorable consideration.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL PROJECTS

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE Hay-Pauncefote treaty is the last word in a series of international negotiations and conventions extending through fifty years. The efforts of the nations have been expressions not only of a desire for a transisthmian ship-canal, but they have been founded in every instance upon hopes of immediate fruition. The United States and Great Britain have been especially interested in securing the shorter way which the canal would open from our own eastern seaboard and western Europe to the west coasts of North and South America, the islands of the Pacific, and the east coast of Asia. These are the two countries to be chiefly benefited, although France has been deeply concerned since her appearance as a colonial power in Asiatic waters, and she it is, inspired by the magnificent enthusiasm of de Lesseps, who ventured first to pour her millions into the actual construction of the canal at Panama, with what sad results to those who engaged in the enterprise, and with what terrible damage to the reputations of the statesmen of the new republic, we all remember.

The history of the attempts to find or build a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a story of hope and disappointment, of strange fancies, or fancies that seem strange to us to whom the world's geography is an open book—a story of baffled effort, of shattered but splendid dreams. Columbus came here on his way to the Indies, and thought that he had found Cathay. He died believing that Cuba was part of the Eastern World, and that there was a strait somewhere, at Tehuantepec or Darien, or between the two, which would have carried him farther on his quest. He was almost certain that he was to find it on his last voyage, in 1502, looked for it with confidence at Darien, and, not finding it there, skirted and investigated Honduras and the Mosquito Coast. From that time until to-day it has been the hope of commerce to pierce through Central America, and thus to save the stormy passage through the Strait of Magellan and the doubling of the Cape. The efforts made have been tentative, however, and the cost of the undertaking, and the immense labor and great engineering skill required to overcome the obstacles which nature has interposed in this tropical climate, have deterred cool investors from supporting the men of strong imagination who have always felt assured of the financial value of the project. In 1550 the Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvao, suggested four routes, one by way of the Isthmus of Panama and another by way of Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River. At about the same time the Spaniard Gormasa (Gormara?) endeavored to enlist Philip II. in the canal enterprise, and mentioned Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec. Humboldt became interested in the subject early in the nineteenth century, and declared the plan of cutting the isthmus possible. Naturally the Central-American republics were the earliest governments to become concerned in the scheme for its pecuniary and material advantages; but it was not until the people of the United States were aroused to the advantages of a short passage between the two oceans that the first practical steps were taken in the way of scientific examinations and of surveys, and they were incited by the discovery of gold in California. The result of this popular agitation was the construction of the Panama Railroad between 1850 and 1855, under a concession from the government of New Granada granted in 1849. The treaty embodying the concession, which has been assumed by the United States of Colombia, will be spoken of hereafter.

WRECKED DREDGES AT THE MOUTH OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER.

It is impossible within the limits of an article of this kind to state all the gains that would be derived by the commerce of the Americas and Europe by a mid-hemisphere passage between the two great oceans, and it is quite beyond the power of the writer, and probably of any one else, to estimate with any approach to accuracy the returns from tolls to the capital that must be invested in this huge undertaking, whether the canal shall be constructed at Nicaragua or Panama. The advantage to our coastwise traffic, to the shipping and mercantile interests of the Pacific and Gulf States especially, to the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific countries of South America, is obvious.

The various routes for the canal which have been advocated need not all be described, for the choice is now narrowed to two. One is the Nicaragua route from Greytown or San Juan del Norte on the east coast, by way of the San Juan River, Lake Nicaragua, and the valley of the Rio Grande, to Brito on the west coast. The other is the Panama route from Colon to Panama.

The routes which have been abandoned are, briefly, the Tehuantepec route, for which Captain Eads obtained a concession from Mexico in behalf of his proposed ship-railway; the Honduras route; the Chiriqui route from Chiriqui Lagoon on the Atlantic to the Gulf of Dulce on the Pacific; the three Darien routes—the San Blas, the Caledonia, and the Tuyra; finally the Atrato route *via* the Truande to the Pacific.

The United States government and its citizens alone have done any practical work at Nicaragua for the accomplishment of the object in which the whole commercial world is more or less interested, our own interests of course being much the largest. It was while the Panama Railroad was building that the government ordered surveys at Tehuantepec, and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company was organized, under a concession from Nicaragua, to construct a canal at that route, and, "pending the completion of the work, to establish a transit between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean." Colonel O. W. Childs made for this company a survey of the Nicaragua route from San Juan del Norte to Brito, which is practically that now adopted, and which is described above.

It was in view of the formation of this company, and of what seemed to be the immediate prospect of securing the necessary capital for constructing the canal, that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was negotiated. As both American and English capital, it was hoped, was to be invested in the work, an American and English protectorate was established. It is on the theory that a particular enterprise was in the mind of the negotiators of this treaty, and that that enterprise failed, that those who say that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty no longer exists base one of their arguments. In the Clayton-Bulwer treaty Great Britain gave up all claim of dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America. At the time of the making of the treaty the British government had seized the country at the mouth of the San Juan River, and it had a wood-cutting settlement at the Belize. This settlement subsequently expanded into a colony, and this colonial government furnished another argument in favor of the contention that the British government had abrogated the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by its own acts. However, the controversy on this point cannot be entered upon here. The dispute involves too many considerations for our space, and besides, so far as it has acted, our treaty-making power has recognized the existence of the treaty by signing the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

The two governments, in this treaty, agreed that neither should "ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal." They agreed also never to "erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof." All rights in regard to commerce or navigation obtained by one of the powers for its citizens were to be obtained also for the citizens of the other. The two governments were to unite in protecting any persons who, under permission of the local authorities, should engage in the task of building the canal. They were to use their good offices to make the terminal ports of the canal free ports. They were to protect the canal when it was completed, and were to guarantee its neutrality. The two agreed to invite the co-operation of other powers, "to the end that all other states may share in the honor and advantage of having contributed to a work of such general interest and importance as the canal herein contemplated." The canal was to be maintained and protected "for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all." The eighth article of the treaty seems to meet the point that it was a convention for the carrying out of a particular project then in view, for it provides that "the governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, agree to establish their protectorate over any other communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially....by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama."

The project which was on foot at the time of the negotiation of this treaty, as I have already said, did not materialize, and it was not until 1867 that the next step was taken. This time it was the government of the United States alone that acted. Great Britain and British citizens have done nothing towards accomplishing the result hoped for since the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was ratified. In 1867 a treaty was entered into between the United States and the republic of Nicaragua. It was a "treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation," and by Article 14 it granted "to the United States, and to their citizens and property, the right of transit between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through the territory of the republic." The United States guaranteed protection, and Nicaragua promised free ports at the extremities of the canal. This treaty also provided that the canal should be neutral, and that the commerce of all countries should enjoy equal privileges.

During President Grant's administration the government was actively engaged in surveying different routes across Central America and the Isthmus of Darien. The interest in the transisthmian canal projects grew with the years. The old concession under which the Childs survey of 1850 was made had come to an end largely by reason of the raid of the filibuster Walker, and there was little else besides discussion of projects, attempts to secure modifications of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and public surveys, until Nicaragua and Costa Rica granted the Menocal concession of 1887.

In 1884 another treaty was negotiated by Secretary Frelinghuysen and General Joaquin Zavala representing the republic of Nicaragua. This treaty, known as the Frelinghuysen-Zavala treaty, was transmitted to the Senate in 1884. In 1885 it was withdrawn by Mr. Cleveland. It proceeded on the theory that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had been abrogated, and it provided for the construction of the canal by the government of the United States, and for its ownership by the United States and Nicaragua. The treaty provided that tolls should be equal as to the vessels of all countries, "except that vessels entirely owned and commanded by citizens of either one of the parties to this convention, and engaged in its coasting trade, may be favored."

It was after the withdrawal of the treaty of 1884, and under the concession of 1887, that the Maritime Canal Company was incorporated by act of Congress in 1889. The struggle went on in Congress for several years, the

MOUTH OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER.

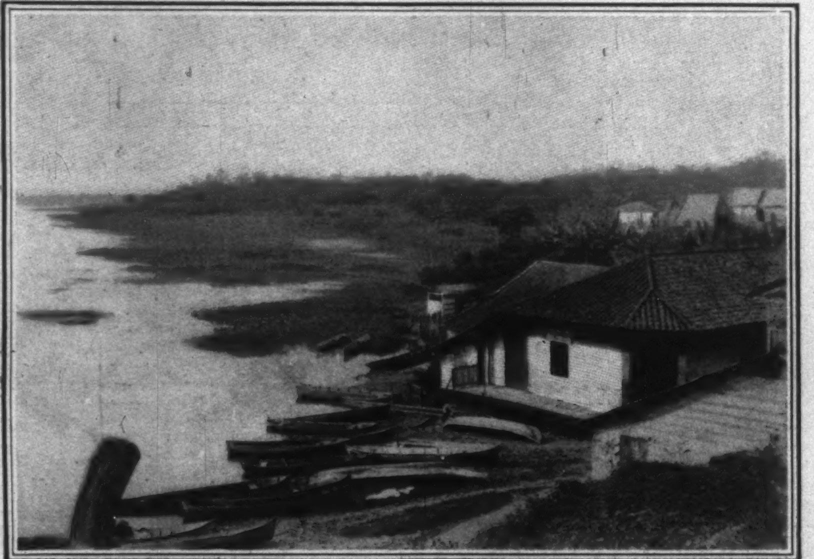
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL AS PLANNED.

objections to incorporation being the general objection to any corporate creation of the Federal government, and the expressed fear that the new corporation would ask a money grant from the United States. However, the bill was passed, and in 1891 a Senate report was made in support of a bill in pursuance of which the United States were to guarantee the payment of interest on $100,000,000 of bonds, receiving $70,000,000 of $100,000,000 of stock as security. This was the first strong effort to secure the pecuniary assistance of the government in a work which was said to be quite beyond the resources of private capitalists. The concession of 1887, under which the Maritime Canal Company operated, provided for the neutrality of the canal and the equal right of all nations to use it on payment of the tolls fixed by the company. Nicaragua was to have 6 per cent. of the capital stock and Costa Rica 1½ per cent. There were also some concessions as to tolls for vessels of the republics engaged in the coasting trade. Under this concession some work was done, and in 1891 a construction company was formed and the work went on. According to the report of the Maritime Canal Company of December 4, 1899, the expenditures on the work of the canal have amounted to $4,000,000. For many reasons—lack of funds, the corruption of the local governments, and a series of revolutions—the work of the construction company came to an end. In 1896 the government's experts appointed to examine the line and to report upon its difficulties, its possibilities, and its cost greatly discouraged the undertaking. The differences of opinion touching the probable cost of the canal were confusing to the lay mind. In 1889 Mr. Menocal estimated the full cost at $87,799,570, and from this point the estimate has increased to about $135,000,000. Most of the Walker committee put the cost at $118,113,790, but the other member of the committee, Colonel Hains, differs, and estimates it at $134,818,308. It is fair to state, in mentioning this phase of the enterprise, that as time has elapsed the demand has been for a larger canal than that first projected, for the reason that ocean-going vessels have greatly increased in size.

Under the forty-eighth article of the Menocal concession from Nicaragua the canal was to be completed in ten years, and this period expired, according to the interpretation of the Nicaraguan government, on October 9, 1899. Nicaragua also held that this failure to complete the canal forfeited the concession, and, in anticipation of such a forfeiture, on October 31, 1898, granted a new concession to Edward Eyre and Edward F. Cragin, to begin running on October 9, 1899. Against this new concession the Maritime Canal Company has lodged a protest, claiming that, in spite of the ten years' limitation, the concession of 1887 runs for ninety-nine years.

The company to be formed under this concession is to be called "Interoceanic Canal Company." There shall be "no distinction whatever in tolls because of the nationality of the vessels." The canal is to be neutral, and, in case of war, "traffic shall not be interrupted." The ports at either end shall be free. In essentials the concession does not differ materially from the Menocal concession which it seeks to replace.

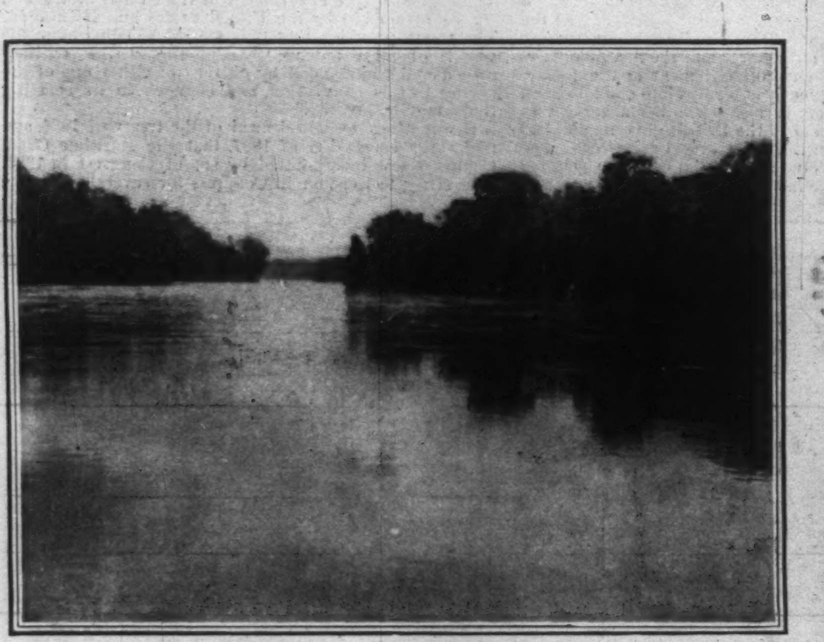
Now we have the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the Morgan-Hepburn bill. The former recognizes the existence of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and continues the policy of that and of all previous treaties and concessions in providing for the neutrality of the canal. The British government surrenders its coprotectorate. The Morgan-Hepburn bill treats the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as abrogated, makes the canal practically an interior waterway of this country by providing for its fortification, and, of course, declares against neutrality. It assumes that the cost of the canal will be $140,000,000. If the bill passes and the treaty fails, or if the bill passes subsequently to the ratification of the treaty, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty must be got out of the way by agreement, the contest between the Maritime Canal Company and the Eyre-Cragin concessionnaires must be settled, and the government must negotiate with Nicaragua and Costa Rica for the rights which it seeks in these countries. Possibly all these complications will be amicably arranged. Great Britain has already agreed to waive her rights under the treaty of 1850, but in consideration of the neutrality of the canal. Nicaragua and Costa Rica have always insisted on neutrality, and so has this government. In 1859 Nicaragua agreed with France that the canal should be neutral, and this treaty is still in force; a similar agreement was entered into with Great Britain in 1860; another with Belgium in 1858; and one with Spain in 1850. So that neutrality is the historic policy of all nations. The first departure from this principle is in the bill now before Congress.



VIEW ALONG THE LAKE SHORE AT FORT SAN CARLOS.
Photograph by J. G. Walker.

Very little need be said with reference to the Panama Canal, but that little is essential, since the project is now under consideration by our government, the Isthmian Canal Commission being engaged in examining the route. The proposed canal at the narrower isthmus has not been as conspicuous as the Nicaragua plan before the American public for the last twenty years. Most of the American surveys and all the American work have been carried on at Nicaragua. In 1870 an expedition under Commander (now Admiral) Selfridge examined and surveyed the isthmus, eliminated the three Darien routes, already described, as impracticable, and reported the Panama route as the only feasible one.

Notwithstanding this report, the government and the canal projectors continued to cling to the idea that the Nicaragua route was the best. The engineering difficulties presented by the Chagres River and the seemingly unconquerable health conditions of the route had prejudiced Americans against it. But in 1878 the French took up the project. The Colombian government granted a concession to N. B. Wyse, Ferdinand de Lesseps being the chief promoter of the company. De Lesseps aroused the French imagination, and collected subscriptions to stock and bonds to the amount of $240,000,000. Work was at once begun on a sea-level canal, one of the advantages claimed for the route being that this kind of canal is possible there, while locks must be employed at Nicaragua. This project was not well considered, however; there were great extravagance and enormous waste; the funds of the company were exhausted; the effort made in 1887 to secure an additional loan was a failure; the scandalous connection of the French politicians and the Paris Bourse with the canal company shocked and shamed France, and the company went into liquidation February 4, 1889.



LOOKING UP THE SAN JUAN RIVER.

It had accomplished a great task, however. It had cleared the line, and built a most extravagant plant, costing not less than $30,000,000, and it had excavated some 54,000,000 cubic yards of earth. As the delays of the law in settling the affairs of the company were so great that the time limit for construction was about to expire, extensions were obtained from the Colombian government in 1890 and 1895. In 1894 the property was transferred to an entirely new French company, called the "New Panama Canal Company." This company procured a very elaborate survey by a board of engineers of this country and Europe, including the canal experts of Kiel and Manchester. The work of this board extended over two years, and their report declares that the difficulties of the Chagres can be overcome, and that the canal can be built for $125,000,000 at the outside by the construction of a dam at the sources of the river which will create a second large lake. The length of this canal is 46.5 miles; of this distance, 3.1 miles lie in the Bay of Panama. Of the 43.4 miles of inland construction, 14.88 miles on the Atlantic side and 4.34 on the Pacific side will be at the sea-level. Of this 15.5 miles are already excavated; 23.5 miles are to be traversed by locks. A dam in the valley of the Chagres at Bohio will create a lake of 13,585 acres, whose normal level above the sea will be 55.76 feet.

The length of the Nicaragua Canal from port to port will be 169.448 miles. Of this distance 26.783 miles will be excavated and 142.659 will lie through Lake Nicaragua, the river San Juan, and through basins in the valley of the streams Deseado, San Francisco, and Tola. The normal sea-level will be about 110 feet.

The rights of the United States are fully protected at Panama by the treaty of 1846, made with New Granada, and binding on the United States of Colombia. Under that treaty this country enjoys all the rights and privileges of the local government and its citizens "in the right of way or transit across the Isthmus of Panama upon any modes of communication that now exist or that may hereafter be constructed," and, in return, "the United States guarantee, positively and efficaciously ... the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists."

MAJOR WOLMERANS, OF THE TRANSVAAL STAATS ARTILLERIE, IN COMMAND OF THE SIEGE-GUNS.

TWO BOER ARTILLERYMEN OFF DUTY.
The Klip River is to be seen in the Distance, and Ladysmith lies Four Miles to the Right.

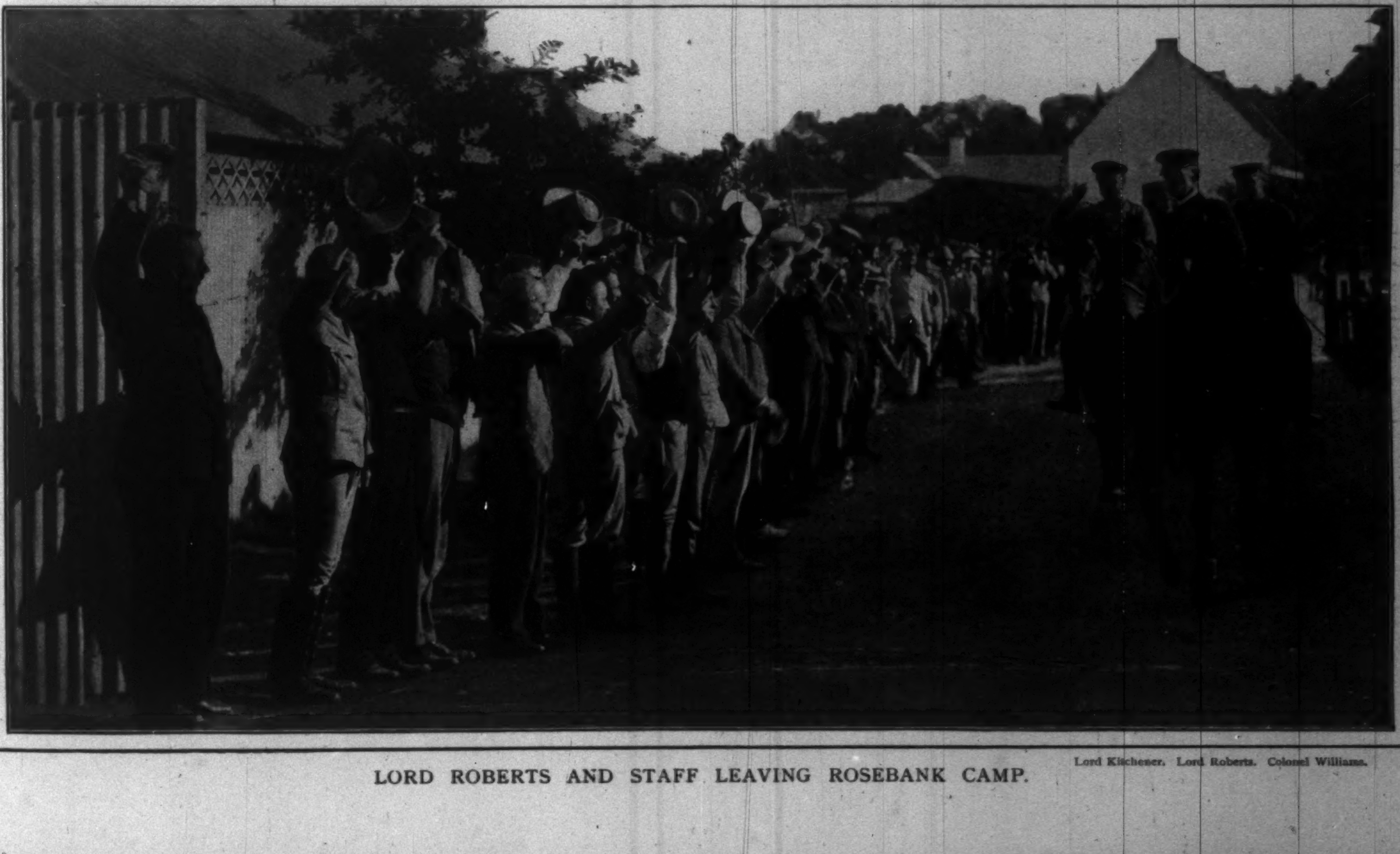
THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH—SCENES ON LOMBARD'S KOP, THE PRINCIPAL BOER POSITION.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. E. EASTON.

THE VOLUNTEER CAMP AFTER A HEAVY RAINFALL.

FUNERAL OF TWO TROOPERS OF THE BORDER MOUNTED RIFLES.

THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH—SCENES WITHIN THE BRITISH LINES.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORACE W. NICHOLLS.

Colonel Broadwood.



Lord Kitchener. Lord Roberts. Colonel Williams.

LORD ROBERTS AND STAFF LEAVING ROSEBANK CAMP.

MEN OF THE BERKSHIRE REGIMENT ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING COLESBERG SNIPING AND USING THE MAXIM ON VENTURESOME BOERS.

A RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE AT MODDER RIVER.
Infantry advancing under Cover of the Ant Hills on the Plain before the Enemy's Position at Magersfontein, January 16, 1900.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."

THE BRITISH ARTILLERY AT MODDER RIVER.

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."

One of the 6-inch Howitzers belonging to the Siege-Train discharging Lyddite Shells into the Boer Position at Magersfontein.

Education in Cuba. *By J. D. Whelpley*

IN 1898, as soon as it became apparent that the United States was about to acquire new territory, there was a man in Boston who became imbued with the idea of original and widespread educational work among the foreign people of that territory. His name is Alexis E. Frye, a well-known New England teacher and author of text-books. His attention was first attracted to the Philippines, and there he wanted to go. He broached the matter to the War Department, but was informed that the time had not yet arrived when he could be of service. He persisted in his scheme, however, and finally decided to enlist as a private and go to the Philippines to acquaint himself with conditions in those islands. When the Secretary of War heard that Mr. Frye was about to enlist, he telegraphed him not to do so, but to wait a little while and see what developed in the situation.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Frye received a telegram from General Brooke, then in command of Cuba, asking him to visit the island. He responded at once in person, took a bird's-eye view of the educational problem in Cuba, and recommended a certain course to be pursued by the Americans in control. He was promptly requested to take charge of the work, and finally did so, but reluctantly, as his heart was set on the Philippines. It was but a short time, however, before his professional instinct was aroused, and he became very enthusiastic over the great task set for him to accomplish. He has now held the position of Superintendent of Schools of Cuba for a little over three months. In that time he has written a school law for the island, which was promulgated as an order from General Brooke's headquarters through the usual military channels. This law not only provides for the conduct of the schools, but for their organization from the primary to the normal departments. When this order was issued there were estimated to be about 4000 Cuban children attending public school. There are now over 80,000 on the attendance rolls, and it is hoped that by the 1st of June there will be at least 150,000, which is half of the total estimated number of children on the entire island of a school age.

A summary of results gives no idea of the chaos which prevailed at the beginning, the difficulties which were met in bringing about some kind of organization, and the labor, patience, tact, and foresight which have been employed to bring them about. It has been the most tremendous and novel task ever set before an educational expert. The field was not clear, for there still existed the remnants of the old school system, which not only did not assist in the reorganization, but were an actual hinderance. The basis of the entire work was the organization of a public-school system on some intelligent and homogeneous plan. The next question was to get the children to go to school. The reports from the local boards of education demonstrate the success of the system devised, and the figures of increasing school attendance are the real test of the value of the reorganization to the Cuban people.

Mr. Frye's work has been criticised. It is claimed that he has paid too little regard to the old customs and ways of the Cubans. It is predicted that much of what he has done will not stand the test of time for this reason. His critics say that the American system cannot be so autocratically grafted upon the Cuban stock. Time will tell whether these criticisms are just, but it is apparent to those friendly or critical that Mr. Frye has accomplished something which will have more effect upon the future of Cuba than any other man who has been sent by the United States to aid in the inception of a republic. He has been working absolutely alone in all he has done. He was given a free hand and likewise no assistance. His salary was placed at $4000 a year. He protested against receiving any salary, but as a matter of policy, on the advice of those in authority, he accepted it, but at once made it a rule to distribute it as fast as received among the public charities of Cuba. He is a wealthy man and entirely independent of the work he is doing.

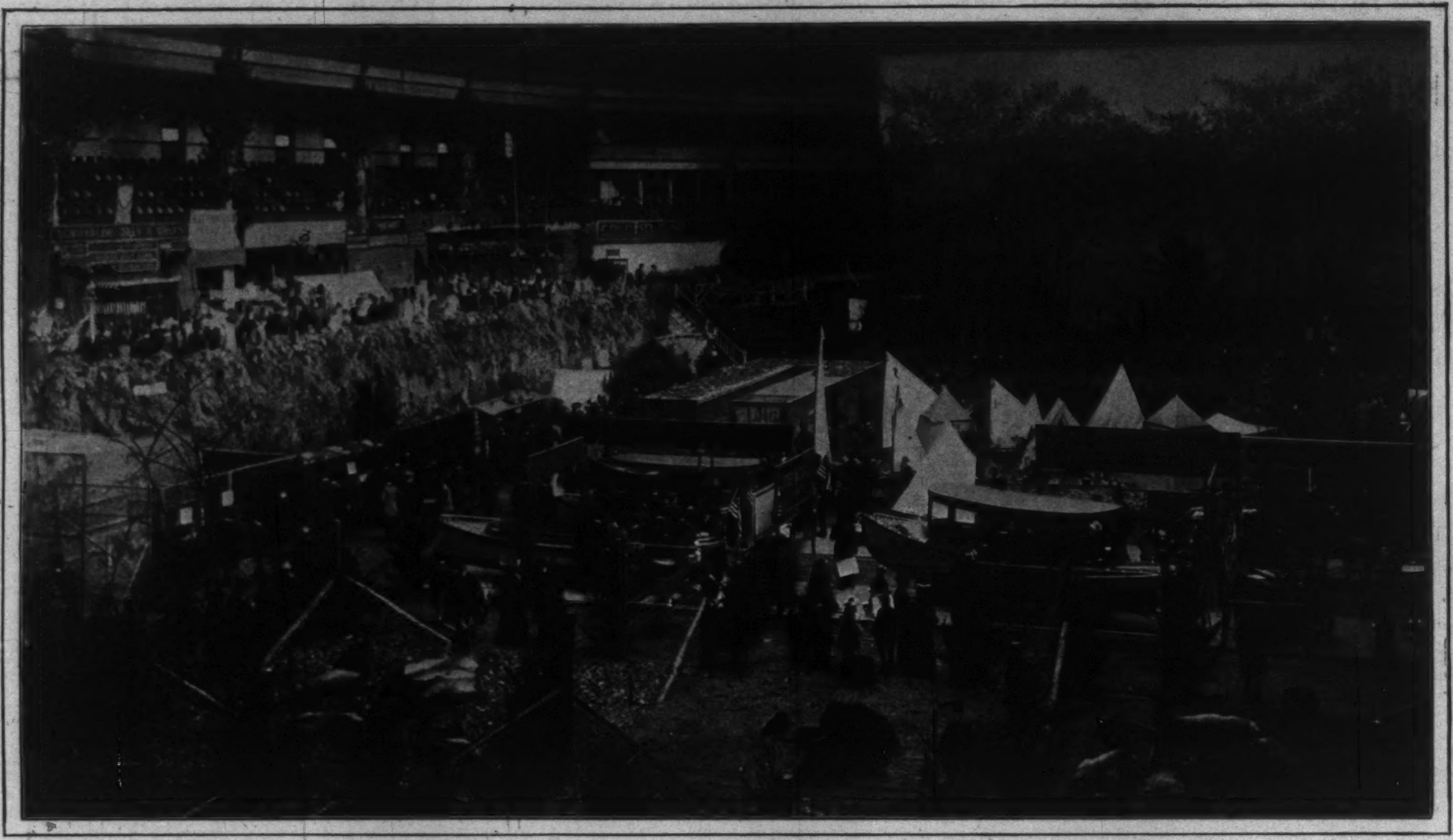
When the Governor appointed two assistant superintendents to help him in the routine work of the office, their salaries were fixed at $2400 a year. Mr. Frye insisted that he should likewise receive no more, and his salary was reduced to the same amount. "It makes no difference to me," he says, "except that I have less to give away." He has been criticised for this also, for some who claim to know the Cuban character say that the Cubans do not understand why a man should do this work for nothing, and that "there must be something in it."

ALEXIS E. FRYE.

Under the Spanish system a teacher was allowed to gather the pupils about her in the house in which she lived. The cities promised to pay the house-rent, a small salary, and an allowance for supplies. The teacher was also allowed to collect private fees from the parents who could afford to pay. When the Americans came to Cuba the government was thirty-two months in arrears in all these payments. In many of these schools the instruction was mostly oral, and much time was given to embroidery and accomplishments of like character. In Havana each teacher had from 100 to 300 pupils. There are 137 municipalities in the island of Cuba, and as a rule the organized schools were confined to these, there being no schools in the rural districts.

In three months the American plan has raised the attendance from 4000 to about 80,000; there are nearly 2000 teachers. No teacher is allowed to have more than fifty pupils. In the cities boys and girls will be taught in separate rooms, and in the country they will be taught together. All the teachers are Cubans, about one-third of those in the cities being teachers with some experience. English is a part of the course of study, and the Cubans have requested that it should be. Under the present plan, which was inaugurated pending the organization of the local governments, the island treasury pays all the expenses of the schools—that is to say, there are no local taxes for this purpose. The school budget for 1900 amounts to about $4,000,000. The salaries of the school-teachers in Cuba are very high as compared with those paid in other countries. Mr. Frye says they are the highest in the world, and yet there has been some complaint from the Cubans to the effect that the salaries were too low, and this in the face of the fact that before the new order of things a school-teacher in Cuba was only able to make a scanty living. The lowest salary paid on the island now is $600, and the lowest in Havana is $900, which is twenty-five per cent. more than is paid in the fifteen largest cities in the United States.

Religion is not taught in the schools now, though there is no discrimination whatever. Religious schools can come under the public-school act, and receive support as such, except that religion is not taught in school hours. The race question is before the authorities to solve. No one has yet dared bring the issue to a head. The white Cubans do not mix socially with the negroes, and this matter must be determined before long. It is considered a delicate and dangerous issue, to be handled with tact and patience.

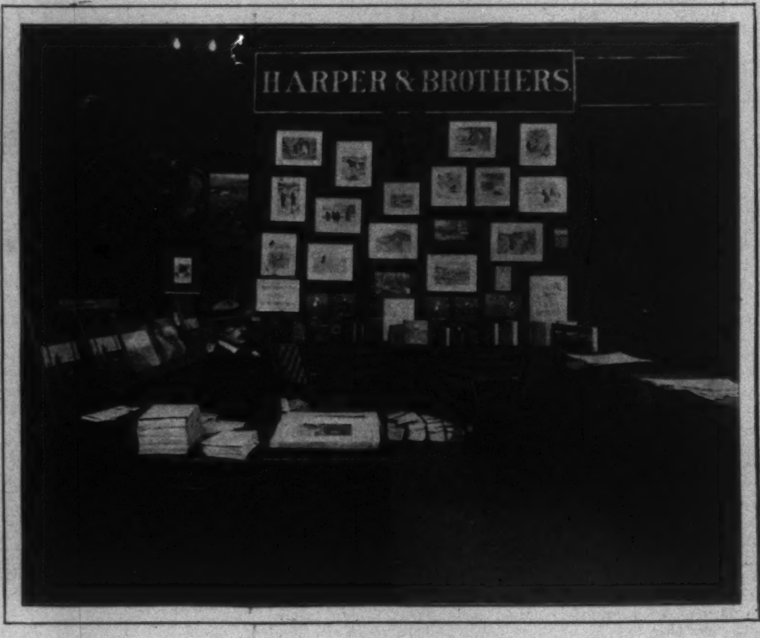


GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

THE ANIMAL-CAGES.

CANOE CAMP ON THE LAKE.

TRAPPER'S HUT.



HARPER & BROTHERS' BOOTH.

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW OF NEW YORK.

HU-NAN
THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA
By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS
I The Approach

AFTER negotiations extending over about two years, the Chinese government signed, in 1898, at Washington, through its minister, a concession for a railway joining Hankow—the metropolis and distributing-point for the central section of the empire—with Canton, which from time immemorial has been her great manufacturing centre and trading-port on the south, and described by Marco Polo, in his travels in the thirteenth century, as carrying on even then an extensive traffic with India.

This railway concession is interesting as not only covering the longest railway yet projected in China, and, with its mining and banking privileges, constituting the most ambitious industrial enterprise yet undertaken in the East, but principally as marking the turning-point in American development—as being the first time in which American capital has considered an investment in a large enterprise wholly on foreign soil, except in the case of Canada and Mexico. April the 14th, 1898, is therefore an important date in the history of American commerce.

In accordance with the terms of this concession, the writer left New York early in October, 1898, accompanied by a staff of engineers, to make the survey. On arriving in Shanghai it was found that the political disturbance following the *coup d'état* executed by the Empress Dowager, and the beheading of certain members of the Reform or Emperor's party, had rendered the whole Chinese official class very cautious about taking a decided stand upon any important question, especially upon one looking to the invasion of the country by foreigners, even if they came with peaceful intents. The situation was still more complicated by local considerations. The route contemplated by the concession lay through part of the province of Hupeh, thence for 400 miles through the whole length of the province of Hu-nan and across the province of Kwangtung. With the first or last little or no difficulty was to be anticipated. In Hupeh foreigners were well known and could travel at will, and the same was true, although possibly to a less degree, in Kwangtung. Hu-nan, however, was peculiar. As Lord Charles Beresford says of it in his recent work: "At present the province of Hu nan, though very rich and the people very well-to-do, is the most anti-foreign in China. Foreigners who penetrate into Hu-nan, even by help of the mandarins with a military escort, do so at the risk of their lives." It is the only portion of the empire where foreigners are not known and where they cannot go about without fear of molestation. Although a number of foreigners have been in the extreme north-western portion of the province, where the natives are more friendly, only a few—possibly not exceeding half a dozen—have been the length of the province, and then always accompanied by a strong escort and with their journey restricted to boat travel. Our invasion, on the other hand, contemplated necessarily the going on land, and therefore through sections where no white men had ever previously been. Strangely enough, however, this hostility is directed not only against foreigners, but against other Chinese with almost equal force. In the way of exclusiveness, the Hu-nanese mark therefore the extreme of the Chinese character in that regard. They are, however, hard-working, and possess one of the richest provinces in the empire in the way of mineral resources and fertility of soil. In fact, it is doubtful if any other province, except possibly Szechuen, exceeds Hu-nan in the variety, extent, and value of its mineral wealth, while Hu-nan has the great advantage over Szechuen in having a double outlet north and south for its products and being 500 miles nearer the sea-coast market.

A VIEW OF THE YANG-TSE RIVER.

The province of Hu-nan, one of the eighteen provinces that constitute the empire, has an area of about 75,000 square miles, or half as much again as the State of New York. Its population is estimated by the Chinese at 22,-000,000. It is well watered, for the Siang River, a fine stream, although too shallow for anything but light-draught junks during the winter months, flows northerly through it into the Yang-tse. The upper part of the province is open and gently undulating, growing the finest quality of tea. As, however, the southern portion is approached, the hills change into mountains, the scenery becomes grander, the population less dense, and the agricultural resources much diminished. But these lower regions are much more valuable from a railroad point of view, as the lower half of the province, for a length of 200 miles along our route and for a width of at least sixty miles, is underlain with certainly three, and probably more, veins of coal, which, curiously enough, is both bituminous and anthracite. It took but small flights of fancy to see future trains bearing their dark burden northward to furnish power for the furnaces and mills that will be built in central China to convert her ores into metals or work her raw produce of cotton and wool and hemp into articles of commerce; or other trains south-bound carrying a like burden to Canton and Hong-kong to make steam for the vessels of all nations, bringing goods from other lands to China, and taking back her teas and her silks. As a field for railway development, it has from the first stood pre-eminent, but, on account of the exclusiveness of the people, has always up to the present time been regarded as unattainable.

Some three years ago the Emperor appointed, as Governor of Hu-nan, Chên Pao-Cheng, a man of modern thought, who at once set about to break down the barriers which had hitherto shut in the province from the rest of the empire and the world at large. He introduced electric lighting into Chang-sha, the capital, established schools where scientific subjects were taught, urged on the general government the advisability and desirability of railroad construction, and in many ways opened the door for the entrance of Western civilization. The Empress Dowager, immediately on accession to power, removed Chên, and appointed in his stead as governor a "conservative," an official of high character and attainments from a Chinese point of view, but who did not believe in departing from customs supported by four thousand years of precedents. He closed the schools and set about to undo the work begun by his predecessor. In a recent memorial to the throne he apologized for his tardiness in entirely uprooting the false doctrines, but hoped in the end to bring the people back to the exclusive study of the classics. In accordance with his views of what was right, he used his influence to thwart our going, even to the extent of sending word forbidding foreigners to enter his province.

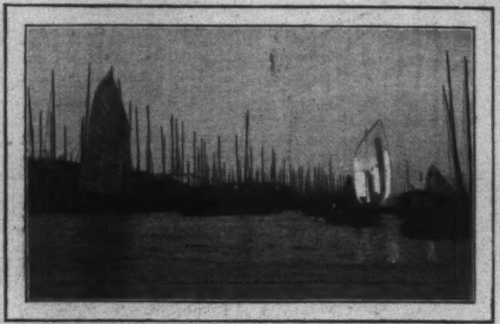
Since our course lay from Hankow along the Yang-tse and its tributary the Siang for a distance of nearly five hundred miles, until reaching the Nan-ling Mountains,

CITY GATE, HANKOW.

which form the divide of the water-shed of the Yang-tse Valley from that of the China Sea, it was decided to establish headquarters afloat, and avoid the difficulties and dangers of sleeping on shore except when the latter was absolutely necessary. One morning, shortly after reaching Hankow, and while the preparation for our start was being made, I set out in a sampan to find among the junks a satisfactory one for our purpose, and found one. A junk is a picturesque but not a pretty object, but, in that flotilla which forms a solid surface along the banks of the Han for at least two miles, there was a stern that caught my eye. The ordinary junk stern is something that rivals any stern that a naval architect of the sixteenth century ever conceived, but this special one had something which singled it out from all its fellows. Possibly it was its height, for perched on it one could imagine himself a gay freebooter ploughing the Spanish Main, until the sight of a steel tape would rudely bring him back to the realization that he was nothing but an American engineer making a survey for hire; or perhaps it was an undefined and undistinguishable grace in the upward curve of the heavy timber on the side! Whatever it was, there was an instant resolve made that the junk of which that stern formed a part must be had. On hailing, the Laodah (which is Chinese for captain) shoved his pigtail out of the door and invited us all on board. With trepidation lest his demands would be unwarrantably exorbitant, we gradually, and with much circumlocution, according to the Chinese etiquette, communicated our wishes to charter the boat for a journey of two hundred and fifty or possibly

THE SURVEY PARTY IN THE FIELD.

A FUNERAL CORTEGE.



THE HAN RIVER.

three hundred miles, in short stages, so that the time might occupy a month, or even two. As a preliminary to what was evidently about to become an important financial negotiation, and in compliance with Chinese custom, the Laodah, in order to show his respect for us, offered tea. We, with a still higher respect for ourselves, with great ceremony and greater resolution, declined the same. It is wonderful what vile stuff is drank in that country, where the finest tea that the world knows comes from; but the natives consume only what they cannot sell or give away. After a long session with Mrs. Laodah—for in every Chinese junk the woman seems to command—the Laodah returned, chin-chinned, and said that he would take us for forty taels. Now forty taels means about twenty-eight dollars, gold, and that was to include the boat, the crew of eight men, with their rice and all expenses, for possibly two months. Naturally our faces betrayed our astonishment, which the Laodah entirely misunderstood, and apparently fearing that he had lost the trade, begged us to make an offer. We finally agreed on thirty-six taels, or twenty-five dollars. Subsequently we discovered that our childlike and bland young friend, knowing that we would have a permit to pass all the Liking stations—that is, the places where heavy internal customs taxes are levied—had made this low price in order to secure the job, and had then laid in a little stock of dutiable articles to trade in on his own account; in short, he made us his partners in a smuggling enterprise. After that I had, and will always entertain, the highest respect for the ability of a Chinese to turn an honest penny.

Early in December we started, but not without much anxiety and misgivings on the part of the chief. The Chinese officials had either tried to persuade me from going, or if, like the Viceroy and the Director-General, courageous enough to have me start, nevertheless impressed upon me the necessity for extreme caution when traversing Hu-nan. The foreign residents were practically unanimous that the trip could not be made, or, if made, that a land survey would be impossible, and that we would be compelled to remain practically prisoners on our junk.

The Yang-tse, even at this distance of over seven hundred miles from the mouth, is still a noble stream, with a width of a mile, and a minimum depth, at lowest stage on shoals, of six feet, with its continual procession of large junks carrying down coal from Hu-nan, opium and silk from Szechuen, wool from the mountains of Tibet, and other large junks carrying up, in return, yarn from India, cottons from Lancashire, and oil from America. Its banks, when not high enough to be above flood-level, are built up with dikes, behind which are farms of rice, oil-beans, cotton, tobacco, and, on approaching Hu-nan, tea.

For about one-half of the time we were obliged to sleep on shore, where camping in tents was impossible on account of the great curiosity of the people. In their eagerness to see a "foreign devil," to examine his short hair, to feel his queer cloth clothes, to inspect his extraordinary big leather boots—which last everywhere seemed, of all our belongings, to attract the most attention—they would certainly have torn down any temporary shelter; and at such moments our guard, in spite of its pretentious proportions of three hundred soldiers, would have been but of little use. In fact, the only benefit—which, it is true, was no small one—that we derived from our guard, was its notification to the people that we were travelling officially and under the protection of the government. At stopping-places we were immediately surrounded by curious natives, on whose faces every human sentiment, from wonderment to fear, or even hatred, was depicted. Our preferred sleeping-places were examination halls, in which are held the annual examinations of students in the classics for literary degrees, the stepping-stone for political preferment, the ambition of every Chinese, for in China a public office means wealth and power; temples, either public of the Buddhist faith, or private ones for ancestral worship—the latter much to be preferred as being cleaner and better tended; tea-hongs or large store-houses, or, as a last resort, inns. It is a great pity that Dante could not have visited the Chinese inn; it would have given him a splendid chance to have painted a glowing word-picture, compared with which the *Inferno* would have paled. Towns in advance of our coming were well "billed" with large hand-written placards, bearing the official chop or seal of the Viceroy, the Director-General, and the Governor, fully explaining to the people the nature of a railway, describing how "its benefits would be manifold. Through its agency the people will obtain a means of livelihood, thus suppressing vagrancy and robbery, to the benefit of all localities. An equitable price will be paid for all land required for the road, and no loss will be suffered by any one. The blessings of the road will be a hundredfold to the people—the disadvantages none whatever"; and closing with these words: "As the artisans of China are unfamiliar with railroad construction, American engineers have been engaged to come here to survey the line, and it is feared that some persons, ignorant of the purpose of their coming, may take alarm; therefore this proclamation is issued for their instruction. Let it be known to the scholars and merchants, and people at large, that they must peacefully pursue their occupation, and create no trouble or obstruction. The military and the gentry are to instruct the populace to create no disturbance. Should rowdies circulate rumors to disturb the populace and gather crowds together, the officials are ordered to assemble the police and arrest them, and deal with them with severity; no mercy shall be shown them."

What is called in the proclamation a "policeman" is an attendant of the magistrate's yamên (official residence), and is an individual who is even more loathed than feared by the people, if that is possible. He rarely receives wages, and, in fact, is said frequently to pay for his place. He makes his living by a system of extortions from the weak, by threatening to report them for petty offences, sometimes not even committed; by inflicting extra punishment when offenders are convicted, unless "squared"; by reporting persons for some special tax, or by other similar dishonest means. As showing the type of man, I remember, on one occasion, after our whole party lost its way, and the attending officials, the guard, and the baggage train were hopelessly scattered, the next morning early I started, with a solitary guide, for the agreed-on point of rendezvous for the night previous. On arrival I found that I was the first of the foreigners to get there, and had even preceded the greater part of the baggage train. Through some of our servants who could speak English, I communicated to the local official that I would like to inspect the town, and was thereupon conducted by several of these policemen, or "yamên runners." As is usual, they were armed with bamboo sticks about four feet long, split down about three-quarters of their length, so that when they were waved in the air the pieces slapped each other and made a terrifying din. With these sticks they clubbed back the people, who naturally pressed forward in their curiosity to see a foreigner for the first time. I soon noticed that the yamên men were exceedingly careful to avoid hitting full-bodied men, but fearlessly exhibited their importance by striking old men, cripples, and boys. When one of them raised his stick to strike an inoffensive old woman who was not in the way at all, I felt obliged to interfere—an act which was greeted with loud shouts of approval by the crowd. These policemen, or "yamên runners," as they are usually designated, are a cowardly, despicable, lying lot, and represent one of the great causes of discontent that the masses feel towards the governing class.

A CROWD OF NATIVES.

On this same occasion, while inspecting the town, a high-grade Chinese funeral was taking place. Now a Chinese funeral is a great source of joy to all but the central personage. At the head of the procession come boys bearing placards reciting the virtues of the deceased, many of which his neighbors probably failed to detect in life; then follows a hearse, and after that a collection of various eatables and silver bullion, all in paper to be burned at the grave, so as to provide the departed with these necessities on his long journey; while the coffin itself is surmounted by a grotesque and ridiculous dragon, intended probably to frighten away the evil spirit. Before and behind and on both sides are hired boys to send off enough fire-crackers to supply a small-sized New England town on the Fourth of July. It was very hard on the town that two such shows, a mandarin's funeral and the first foreigner, should both be playing at the same time. For a moment the crowd hesitated, but only for a moment! That mandarin had his paid placard-bearers and his fire-crackers, but otherwise went to his grave unmourned and unsung. I had the crowd.

The Development of the Dominion

With the opening, in the spring of 1900, of the canals skirting those portions of the St. Lawrence River which have heretofore been navigable only by light-draught vessels a new era of commercial and industrial development will open for Canada. The inauguration of the traffic which these enlarged canals will make possible will be quite the equal of the activity induced by the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railroad some years ago; and yet this betterment of the facilities for water-borne commerce is but one of several revolutionary factors which the closing year of the century will bring forth.

Prominent among the promises of the year is that of the development of the steel industry in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, by two stable organizations, each backed by millions of capital. Probably nowhere else on earth are iron ore and coal, the two indispensable components in steel manufacture, found in such close proximity; and when to rich deposits of these are joined the advantages of water communication facilities the outlook is assuredly tinged with a rosy hue.

To the latent possibilities already outlined may be added those to be found in the recently discovered Michipicoten ore-fields on the north shore of Lake Superior; in new gold-fields and old ones yet to be developed; in unlimited water-power; in a lumbering industry, the magnitude of which is only just beginning to be appreciated; and finally in the project of recent inception for making Montreal the terminus of much of the grain trade of the Great Lakes, thereby securing at once the advantage to be found in the cheapness of a long water haul, and also the economy of time and money conferred by a grain-shipping port nearer to Europe by hundreds of miles than any other in America.

A feature of the new conditions in Canada worthy of emphasis is found in the fact that in the growing development along various lines almost all the moves of any importance will be due to the instrumentality of American capital. The largest of the new steel plants at Cape Breton is being erected by a syndicate, at the head of which is a well-known New-Yorker, and almost all the machinery installed will come from the States; exploration and prospecting in the new ore-fields are being carried on by a firm at Cleveland, Ohio, which already holds leases covering most of the territory. Americans have during the past year largely increased their holdings of lumber-lands, and finally a syndicate headed by W. J. Conners, of Buffalo, New York, has gained a foothold in the great Canadian grain trade, for which the future holds such wonderful possibilities.

It does not require great foresight to imagine circumstances which will make it highly advantageous to have the development of the wonderful natural resources of our neighbor on the north dependent upon American money and American brains, but in probably no phase is it so apparent as in the grain situation. It is inevitable that as the product of the almost limitless wheat-fields of Manitoba increases, much of the grain will find its way to Montreal as a point of transferrence from the lake vessels to the ocean steamers which carry it abroad. Yankee instinct divined this, and as a consequence Canadians have scarcely commenced to realize the important possibilities of the new traffic ere an American syndicate has possession of the concessions which control it. Best of all, this turn of affairs will preserve for American-owned vessels the trade of the Great Lakes, the greatest protected interest in the country.

That Canada as a competitor of the United States in the world's markets must not be slightingly considered is proven by a glance at the export statistics of the past few years. In exports of flour, butter, cheese, and wood—commodities which formerly brought to our coffers many millions of dollars annually—the Dominion has made heavy inroads. In the case of cheese, for instance, whereas Canada's annual exports a decade ago scarcely amounted to half a million dollars in value, they now aggregate fully thirty-five times that sum each year.

The official returns of the customs department of the Dominion government for the fiscal year ending in 1899, which were completed only a few weeks ago, make some very interesting disclosures. In the first place, the aggregate trade showed an increase over the previous year of fully $17,000,000, and the value of dutiable goods imported

THE HARBOR OF MONTREAL.

from the United States increased more than $7,000,000, making the total purchases from the United States during the year foot up pretty close to $53,000,000. On the other hand, the United States has proved a very good customer of Canada, ranking, in fact, next to Great Britain in that respect. In the past three decades Great Britain has purchased about a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of Canadian products, and the United States has consumed upwards of a billion dollars' worth.

Many circumstances have, however, retarded Canadian progress, and the nature of these is well illustrated by the obstacles to the development of the steel industry, which is now so promising a field. The prices which it was necessary to meet on the British market made it practically impossible to export steel with profit, but now that a handsome bounty has been placed upon every ton manufactured in the provinces, it is reasonably certain to prove a profitable industry. In bringing about almost all the improvements of conditions the enlarged canals will play a very important part.

The St. Lawrence canal system, the opening of which is expected to do so much for Canada, enables vessels not only to descend in safety the great fall of 207 feet from Lake Ontario to the level of the river at Montreal, but to avoid a long series of dangerous rapids. These canals have cost considerably more than $50,000,000. The seven canals forming the link of the chain from the lakes to the seaboard have a total length of more than seventy miles, and over half a hundred locks. The improvements which have been in progress for several years past have affected all of these waterways, and now any vessel not exceeding 270 feet in length and 14 feet draught can make the trip from the Strait of Belle Isle to Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, a distance of almost twenty-four hundred miles.

While on the subject of canals, passing mention should be made of another, which is to help materially in the growth of the manufacturing interests of the Dominion. This is a power canal rather than a commercial waterway, and it promises to turn Sault Ste. Marie, situated on the river which connects Lakes Huron and Superior, into a hive of industry which will rival that which has been built up at Niagara Falls by the harnessing of the cataract. The same company which is planning to turn this town in the wilds into one vast water-mill is constructing a railway from Sault Ste. Marie to Hudson Bay, and this pioneer transportation line will tap deposits of iron, nickel, and copper of incalculable wealth.

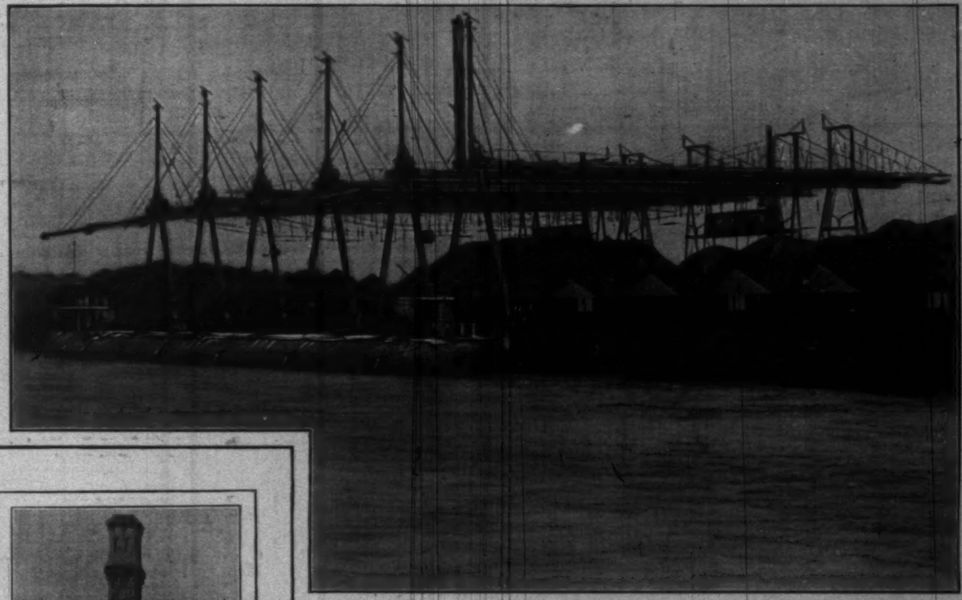
It is in the manufacture of iron and steel, however, that the future seems to hold out the most alluring promises for Canada. The iron-ore supplies of Great Britain, Germany, and other iron-manufacturing countries of Europe are rapidly becoming exhausted; indeed, Great Britain has for years been drawing supplies from Spain, where constantly increasing difficulties surround the mining of the ore. The increasing production of iron and steel in America shows that the United States is quite ready to step into the breach, but henceforth this country cannot reckon without Canada, with her iron ore and coal almost at the doors of her furnaces.

The great bulk of the iron ore which will be used to feed the great blast-furnaces now under construction at Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, will come from Newfoundland, and thus it will have to be carried but four hundred miles, or less than a third the distance of the journey from the mines on Lake Superior to the furnaces at Pittsburg.

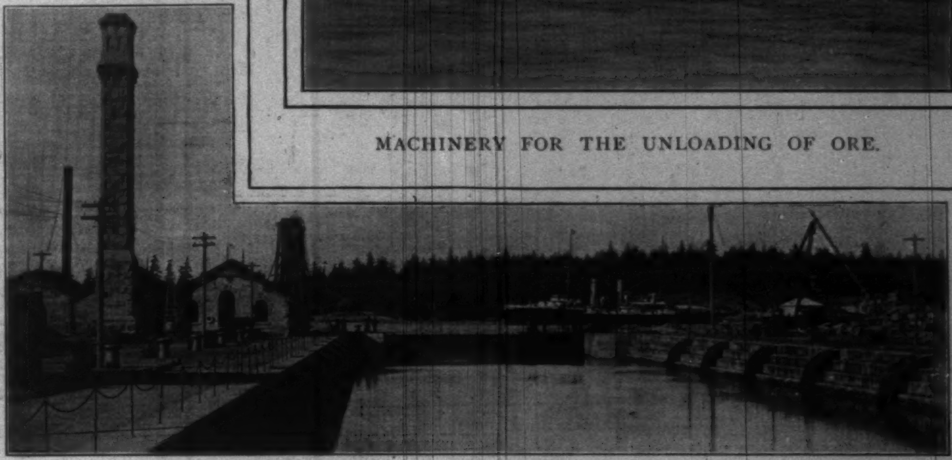
Then there are possibilities in Canadian ship-building. For some years past the merchant shipping of the Dominion has been declining at a rate which caused the nation to appear all but ridiculous. In a single year recently there was a decrease of almost six hundred vessels of a total of little more than six thousand, and affairs came to such a pass in the autumn of 1899 that Canada, which has coasting laws similar to those of the United States, was compelled to suspend them temporarily, and allow American vessels to engage in the grain trade between Canadian ports.

From all indications, however, the present year will see the turning of the tide. If steel can be manufactured cheaply at Sydney, of course steel ships can be built there, an excellent harbor being available; and, indeed, this is one of the plans of the American syndicate which is erecting the great steel plant. That other American syndicate which is to develop the fullest resources of the grain trade will, of course, need steel ships to carry the product of the wheat-fields to the monster elevators to be erected at Montreal, and upon a number of these boats the only ship-yard of any size in the Dominion is now busily at work. Finally, Captain Alexander McDougall, that energetic genius who introduced the "whaleback" to Great Lake commerce, is establishing a ship-yard at Collingwood on Lake Huron, with an idea of constructing vessels designed for service from Lake Ontario to the seaboard through the St. Lawrence.

WALDON FAWCETT.



MACHINERY FOR THE UNLOADING OF ORE.



THE ESQUIMAULT DRY DOCK AT PORT ARTHUR.

PHASES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE—I. AFT

DRAWN BY

FTER DINNER AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

BY A. I. KELLER

HER HUSBAND LOOKED UP AT THE COACHMAN, AND SAID, "HOME!"

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.* By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN *Frou Frou*, having died pathetically at the end of the play, had bowed again and again and again in response to tumultuous applause that forced the curtain up three times, and when Carla, having received congratulations and compliments and expressions of gratitude from the executive committee of the Board of Lady Managers of the Working-girl's Rest and Recreation League, was at last able to retire to her dressing-room, Evert was impatient to get her away. He persuaded her to leave her maid to pack up her dresses and belongings. He would not even give her time to change the elaborate dressing-gown in which *Frou Frou* had departed this life. He hurried her to the stage-door, where their brougham was waiting.

In spite of her protests, she did not really object to this high-handed proceeding—at least so Evert divined, having discovered already that while she always pretended to resist, she really relished his exhibitions of overmastering strength.

"I don't see why you should hurry me so, Evert," she cried, as she stepped into the carriage. "The theatre isn't on fire, is it?"

Her husband looked up at the coachman, and said, "Home!"

Then he sprang into the seat beside her and snapped the door.

"It's all over!" he said, with a sigh of relief, as the horses started forward.

"Yes, it's all over!" she repeated, sorrowfully. "And I was afraid I'd never get through it. But it was splendid while it lasted, wasn't it?"

Evert had so completely lost sympathy with the performance that he was genuinely surprised at the note of enthusiasm in her voice.

"Did you really like it?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Like it?" she cried, disdainfully. "I loved it. I felt as if I could go on acting that last scene of 'Frou Frou' forever and forever. I didn't want it ever to stop. I'd have been glad to play the fifth act over again, and then the fourth, and then the third! I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Even when you were frightened?" he suggested.

"Most of all when I was frightened," she replied—"because, you see, I wasn't really scared. Why should I have been scared, really? I wasn't afraid of failing; and I didn't do it so very badly, now, did I?"

"Badly?" he returned. "Of course not. You were too good altogether!"

She laughed happily. "You say that as if you didn't want me to act well."

"I don't," he responded, frankly. "I don't want you to act at all! I'm sick of it all. I'm overjoyed that it's done with, once for all."

She said nothing for a moment, and then she nestled close to him.

"You needn't be so cross about it," she declared, "just as if you didn't love me any more."

"I don't think I ever loved you as much as I do at this minute," he retorted.

"You don't pet me as you used to," she answered. "You don't put your arm around me, and—"

Evert drew her to him, and she laid her head in the hollow of his shoulder.

"That's better," she said. "I don't want you ever to give up the habit of petting me."

Evert looked down on her head, and his heart was filled with happiness as he answered, "Is it likely?"

"Oh, I don't know what's likely with you men," she returned, gayly. "You are all so queer. That Mr. Scott isn't quite a gentleman, is he? But he did play the part well, I must say."

Evert admitted that the man had not acted badly. "But why talk about the thing any more?"

"Oh, but I must!" she cried. "I did have a good time! Excitement—and success! That's what makes life worth living, isn't it? Do you know how I felt during that third act?—that's the one where I quarrel with Archibald. I don't see how it was exactly, but I felt as I did once back on the farm in Kentucky. I was only fifteen then, and I wore my hair down on my shoulders; and one day I was disobedient, and I got on one of the horses without any saddle. I used to ride them astride like a man; there wasn't anybody to see me, except the stable-boys, and of course they didn't count. Generally I could manage any horse on the farm, but this one got away from me; and there we were, flying down the pike, and I couldn't hold him, and my hair got all loose, and I didn't know whether he was running away and whether he'd ever stop. That was splendid, too! Excitement and success—just like to-night—for I conquered him after a while; and I rode him home on the snaffle."

"I suppose we all enjoy success," Evert remarked, "but I don't believe mere excitement is good for any of us."

"I don't know if it's good for me," laughed Carla, "but I'm going to take it when it comes my way."

Evert thought that he could still detect in her voice the ground-swell of the storm of excitement through which she had passed that evening. His detestation of the performance was stiffening steadily; but he was almost ashamed of it when he observed how much Carla had enjoyed her triumph.

The carriage drove on in silence for a minute or two. Then Carla took her husband's hand between both of her own, and he thrilled at the warm touch.

"Evert," she began, gently, "you mustn't suppose because I like the fun of all this acting that I don't think of you just as much as ever—because I do. I shouldn't have liked it at all if you hadn't been there to share it with me. I don't ever want to have any pleasures you can't join in."

He tightened the pressure of his arm about her waist, but he said nothing in response.

She spread out the palm of his hand on one of hers, and smoothed it down and played with it. Her own was warm always; it was firm and vigorous; perhaps it was even broader than was quite in proportion, but Evert would not have liked it any smaller.

"You did enjoy it to-night, didn't you?" she asked at last.

"I was pleased to see that you enjoyed it," was his evasive answer.

"Then you didn't really like it?" she pursued.

"I didn't like to see you out on the stage there with all those people staring at you," he explained, after a little hesitation.

"They were all admiring me, I'm sure," she responded. "I don't see what you have to complain of there. Everybody was just as nice to me as they could be."

"They were all looking at you!" he retorted.

"Why not?" she returned. "I've often heard you say you liked to look at me. Well, why shouldn't they like it too? I don't see."

"You belong to me!" he asserted. "They haven't any

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2250.

thing to do with you. I didn't want them to admire you. I wish they would all mind their own business and let my wife alone."

"That's simply selfish," she replied, with another of her little laughs. "And you would have to admire me ever so much more than you do, if you want me to go without admiration from anybody else. You see, I like admiration—I like all I can get of it."

"You have never gone without it—even before you took this part," her husband responded.

"And I'm sure men are just as vain as women, and they like admiration just as much, if not more," she declared. "You can't make me believe you didn't notice the way Archibald looked at you!"

It annoyed him to have her fall into the common theatrical trick of calling an actress by her last name only.

"Miss Archibald?" he returned.

"Miss Archibald, if you prefer," she answered; "Miss Margaret Archibald. She couldn't keep her eyes off you. I suppose she hadn't ever seen a handsome man before."

"Oh, come now, Carla!" said Evert, smiling at her mock-serious tone.

"Oh, I saw it all!" she went on. "I kept my eye on you too. And yet they say she's going to marry Scott."

"He did look at you in a way I did not like at all," Evert retorted.

"Oh, you saw that too, did you?" she answered.

"I couldn't help seeing it," he replied.

"And yet you did not notice how Archibald followed you round with her eyes?" Carla went on. "That's funny, isn't it? I don't think she has such bad taste, either, do you, you handsome old thing? She knows you are good-looking just as well as I do!"

"Is it true that Miss Archibald is going to marry Mr. Scott?" asked Evert, to avoid this personal banter, always distasteful to him.

"Gurney Twiss says so," she answered. "That doesn't prove it, of course; but I shouldn't wonder if it was true, after all. Then they will always act together, and be lovers in every play, or husband and wife. I think that must be lovely—to be on the stage and to have one's own husband make love to you."

Evert made no response to this, and she clung to him a little closer.

"I do wish you would only act too," she continued, after a moment's silence, raising her face and looking at him with her liquid eyes. "Then I should be perfectly happy. I shouldn't have a single tiny thing left to wish for."

He bent forward and kissed her. "I can play the lover in private life," he said, "but not on the stage."

"Don't you think you could ever learn to act?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, I don't think so," he answered, with a hard laugh at the absurd suggestion; "and I know I don't mean to try."

"Sherrington could easily teach you," she urged. "He's taught lots of people who didn't make such bad actors after all."

"I don't want to be made into not such a bad actor after all," he declared. "There are few things I wouldn't do for you, Carla, very few, but acting is one of them. It is enough to have one of us who has had an ambition of that sort; and even if I was really anxious to act, I should never have the success you have made to-night."

"Do you actually think so?" was her reply. "Don't you think you could ever get so that you could support me? I'm sure you would find acting ever so much more fun than your poky old architecture."

Evert said nothing. Whenever his wife hinted that her fondness for the stage was growing, his heart sank within him. He hoped that her liking even for mild private theatricals would be transitory, and he expected that it might wear itself out with this performance of "Frou Frou." He had not counted on the genuine success of her acting, on the real fire she had thrown into the quarrel with *Louise*, on the playful pathos of her death scene. He recognized now that she had far more of the histrionic gift than he had supposed; and he regretted the discovery, knowing how hard it is for us to give up that which nature allows us to do well.

Carla broke the silence. "Did you see Kilburn, the manager?" she inquired.

"Kilburn?" repeated her husband. "Yes, I think I did—if he was the vulgar little man who was talking to Sherrington."

"That must have been Kilburn," she returned. "He was in front watching my performance, and he was simply delighted with it. He came behind to tell Sherrington so—to say he hadn't seen anything like it since Adelaide Neilson! Think of his saying that about me!"

"It's very kind of him, indeed," was Evert's curt acknowledgment of this compliment to his wife. "But I don't know that his opinion matters one way or the other."

"But it does matter a great deal," she went on. "He's a very good judge of acting, so Sherrington says, and he told Sherrington. Oh, but I had better not tell you this."

"Why not?" asked Evert.

"Because," she answered—"well, because I don't believe you will like it."

"I can stand it," said Evert, scornfully. "I don't believe that anything Mr. Kilburn may have said to Mr. Sherrington need worry me."

"That isn't a nice way to take it at all, Evert," she answered, playfully, "and I've a great mind not to tell you, just to punish you. He said that he'd sign an engagement to star me!"

"That was a piece of insufferable impudence, I must say!" cried Evert, indignantly.

"Do you think so?" she answered, a little crestfallen. "Why, I thought it was ever so complimentary! And it is, too—if you only take it right. And he said that it would be very easy to work a big boom for me all over the United States—from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, was the way he put it."

"I do wish the fellow would mind his own business!" said Evert, impatiently. "What have you to do with Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon? You live here in New York—here with me!"

"Yes, of course," she answered. "Of course; I know that. But it is nice to feel that one is appreciated, isn't it, and that if one only wanted one could make ever so much money?"

Evert made no reply to this question. He looked out of the window and saw that they were within a block of their own door.

"Carla!" he said, suddenly, "promise me one thing!"

"Certainly," she answered, "if it's reasonable. What is it?"

"Promise you will never act in another play without asking me first," he said, gravely.

"Do you really mean it?" she asked, drawing away from him a little.

"Indeed I do," he declared, forcibly.

"You want me to promise never to act in another play without asking you first?" she repeated.

"You will promise me that, won't you, Carla dear?"

"Yes," she said at last. "I'll promise that, if you want me to. But I shall expect you not to object if I do ever want to act again."

"We won't borrow trouble," Evert returned, satisfied with his victory; "we'll cross that bridge when we get to it. Perhaps you will never want to act again."

He was glad when she apparently changed the subject of the conversation.

"Do you know why Mrs. Jimmy came behind to see me this evening?" she asked.

"How should I know?" was his answer. "I suppose she had the common politeness to come and congratulate you and thank you for the money her working-girls are going to get."

"She was very complimentary," Carla admitted; "but that wasn't what she came for. She wanted something."

"She doesn't want you to play another part for her, does she?" Evert inquired, sarcastically. "Why doesn't she act it herself? Why doesn't she get her husband to act with her? That would be an attraction, I must say. But I suppose Jimmy would rather get up a circus or something horsy."

"No," said Carla, slowly, "she didn't want me to play another part."

"That's good," declared Evert; "and I'm grateful to her for this consideration, although she can't know how glad I am that all this nonsense is over at last!"

"What Mrs. Jimmy does want," explained Carla, "is to have us all go to Washington early next month and do 'Frou Frou' once more, just as we did to-night. Of course it isn't settled yet that we are to go; but Mrs. Jimmy has been asked to arrange it if she can."

"But you promised me you wouldn't act in another play," Evert protested, "and—"

"But this isn't another play," Carla interrupted; "this is the same play—the same poor little 'Frou Frou.'"

"And I was so glad the thing was over and ended!" said Evert.

"Besides," pleaded Carla, "I'm not breaking my promise. I'm asking you before I accept; I'm asking you, and I do hope you won't be so cruel as to refuse."

"It's perfectly absurd of Mrs. Jimmy!" Evert insisted. "She is insatiable! I think she might be satisfied with what she has accomplished already. If she wants to have 'Frou Frou' performed in Washington, why can't she get somebody else to play the part? You have done your share here, and more too! Why can't Miss Archibald play it?"

"Now, Evert," said his wife, "it's you who are perfectly absurd! Archibald as *Frou Frou*—why, I never heard of such a thing! She couldn't touch it. I've no doubt she would like to try well enough; she might go on for it, of course. But—oh, I don't believe they could sell any tickets at all if I didn't go! At any rate, that's what Mrs. Jimmy says."

"And where is this thing to end?" asked Evert. "There's Baltimore after Washington, I suppose, and then Boston and Chicago—and, well, why not San Francisco?"

"Oh, I assure you nobody has suggested anywhere but Washington," Carla explained. "I don't know that I'd care to go to Baltimore or Boston or anywhere else. But Washington is different, isn't it? It's the capital, and all that."

"I don't see the difference," Evert returned. "It's another performance, and it isn't New York—that's what I can see very plainly."

"But Washington is different, I'm sure," she went on. "There are all the foreign ambassadors there, you know; and foreigners are so much more appreciative than we are, and they know so much more about acting. Then there's the President."

"Now what has the President got to do with it?" asked Evert, smiling in spite of himself.

"Oh, it would be fine to act *Frou Frou* before the President of the United States!" she asserted enthusiastically.

"I don't suppose he knows as much about acting as those foreign ambassadors you are so interested in," declared Evert, almost laughing at her earnestness.

"Now don't make fun of me, Evert," she cried; "it isn't fair! You ought to know what I mean. The President is—well, he's the President, and that's enough for me. I'd dearly love to act *Frou Frou* before the President of the United States—and the foreign ambassadors too, since you insist on it."

"I do not insist," he said, as the brougham stopped before their own door.

He was about to get out, when she held him. "You haven't answered me," she said.

"About what?" he asked.

"You haven't said you were willing to have me play *Frou Frou* in Washington—"

"Before the President?" he answered. "I'd rather you never acted again—"

"But I've just set my heart on it!" she pleaded, looking up at him affectionately.

"Oh, well," he answered at last, "if you insist on it!"

And he was rewarded at once by the swift appearance of the dimple he loved to see.

[To be continued.]

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Untrammelled Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,
Nor of thy power unduly proud—
Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will,—

Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
The other downward slopes, where bide
The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
Choose then, nor falter at the start,
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowed end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be godlike in the will to serve!

Joseph B. Gilder.

THE LAST PORT.—DRAWN BY WALTER RUSSELL.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THE venerable figure of Henry Hart emerging from the wreck of the Third Avenue Railroad has been a pathetic spectacle which newspaper readers have grieved to contemplate. To be sure, Mr. Hart has not been a particularly conspicuous figure in the world, nor well known, except in connection with his street railroad. We have known there was such a person, and not much more. It is not quite as it was in the lamentable case of Cyrus Field, when fiscal collapse brought down a leading citizen whose personality was familiar to a great public on both sides of the ocean. Folks still groan when they think of Cyrus Field and the tide of tragedy that bore him out. Mr. Hart is not so near to us, and yet the sorrowful tale of his undoing has grieved many readers. We don't at all like to see rich men who have been anyway decent in their walk and conversation come to pecuniary grief. We are instinctively conservative, and are better content to have big fortunes adhere to the original winners of them than be looted by predatory outsiders. In the fight between the lion and the wolves we are usually for the lion; and when he is a very aged lion, like Mr. Hart, and toothless, the case appeals to us all the more. It accords with the law of progress that great fortunes should be wrested from hands that won't let go and still have grown too weak to manage them, but the process is very upsetting.

IT changes things to have the poor get very rich or the rich get very poor. We can stand the former change better than the latter; but, as a rule, we are not particularly pleased with either. Only the other day a lady living in circumstances by no means destitute complained to the present paragrapher that two friends with whom her associations had been somewhat close had bloomed suddenly out into a displeasing affluence, whereof the outward marks were broughams with two men on the box, raiment of discouraging richness and variety, and all such disconcerting vanities. She deplored the changes in these acquaintances. She had liked them better as they were, and found them more soothing associates. She was warranted in regretting their pecuniary enlargement in so far as it concerned herself, for it is unquestionably inconvenient for the moderately endowed to have their friends get too rich. As they climb they carry the standard of living up with them, and gradually drawing away from simple habits, emerge presently into that table land of luxury where the nomadic dwellers bring home malaria and typhoid from the most remote and expensive hotels, and can afford to have their appendixes removed when they have the stomach-ache. Oh, the sorrows, the weariness, and the diseases of the people who can afford not to stay at home! The money may be worth its penalties; it is worth a good deal; but though we might endure to be rich ourselves, it is really a sound discretion in us which makes us prefer that the capacity of our friends to bear the pricks and dare the hazards of opulence should not be too generally tested.

MONEY makes great differences in the habits and manner of life of most persons. Mr. Hart seems to have been an exception. The papers have told us that for him the sun revolved around the Third Avenue road, and that the rest of creation interested him chiefly as something supplementary to that system. We are told that he lived near the office of the road, and spent his days in that office from early in the morning until late at night, without vacations and without protracted absence, even on Sundays. Physically, it seems to have been a very wholesome life, for Mr. Hart is a very old man and has had excellent health. Mentally, it was probably less wholesome. Vacations are troublesome and risky, but to persons who survive them they are usually a benefit. The various current periodicals which are devoted to "success," which means, to most of them, getting rich, owe it to their readers to point out, as one lesson of Mr. Hart's case, that diligence itself may be overdone, and that one way not to see a thing as it is, is to keep close to it all the time.

A STRANGE report comes from Denver of the proposed organization there of a school of rough riders, "where young men can learn rough riding and cavalry tactics, so that in case of another war commissioned officers for regiments like the one that served in the Cuban campaign will be available." The remarkable plan of this school, as set forth in the *World*, is to enlist at offices in New York and Chicago a thousand young men of suitable age for instruction in the arts of plainsmen and frontier fighters. A staff of ten retired cavalry officers and twenty-five rough riders is proposed, with some distinguished military person in command.

The feasibility of the scheme seems doubtful; its expediency still more so. Whether West Point and the regular army could endure to see the country saved again by rough riders may be questioned, and whether the country could afford to be saved again by rough riders is also matter for consideration. We have not finished yet with the rough riders that our late war with Spain developed. It is now announced that they will be rounded up on the 4th of next June at Oklahoma City, and that Governor Wood and Governor Roosevelt are to meet them. They are still unquestionably more sympathetic to Governor Roosevelt than any body of equal size that could be collected. When we consider how many Americans went forth to war with Spain and what proportion of them were rough riders, and what was the total disbursement of glory, notoriety, and reward, and what proportion of it went to rough riders, the imagination totters at the thought of the enormous expense and difficulty of rewarding adequately and according to their expectations a greatly increased body of rough riders for services in a future war. If there had been even 10,000 rough-riding heroes in the Spanish war, instead of about 1000, there would not have begun to be enough glory or enough promotion to go round.

The proposed rough-rider school at Denver would tend to defeat its own ends. If they should start any such factory of enthusiasts we would be forewarned, and might eschew wars altogether, and stick to ignoble peace till moss formed on our backs.

THE announcement is made that an endowed Unitarian school for boys is to be started at Tarrytown, with property and moneys amounting to $130,000 to begin with, and more hoped for. The principal is to be the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, a Harvard graduate and lately the pastor of a New York church. A Unitarian boys' school is something of a novelty. In New England there are plenty of schools which are more or less under Unitarian influence, but the great majority of these are unsectarian rather than Unitarian. Of schools that profess to be Unitarian there must be very few. There are great schools, like those at Andover and Exeter, which are mildly Congregational in their affiliations, and others which are moderately Presbyterian, but of recent years among the Protestant bodies the most active and successful founders of boys' boarding-schools seem to have been the Episcopalians. St. Paul's, Groton, St. Mark's, and other Episcopal schools have attained great reputation and prosperity. Most parents who send their boys to boarding-school prefer that they should have some religious teaching, but are not vitally concerned about the details of it, so long as it is Christian. But sect has weight with many, and cases in particular have been known where Unitarian parents have hesitated to send their boys to Episcopal schools, and cast about inquiringly for good Unitarian schools to put them in. So it may be that the new school at Tarrytown will meet a special want, and relieve some parental minds from perplexity.

THE Baptists and the Methodists, though exceedingly energetic and profuse in the cause of education, tend rather to the establishment of colleges and universities than of schools. Their policy seems to be to supplement the work of the public schools and academies rather than to rival it. One of the best known of all the Methodist institutions, Wesleyan University, has under consideration a particularly interesting state of affairs. Some time since it determined to share its opportunities with women. The women responded. In 1888-9 seven per cent. of the membership of the college was feminine; in 1898-9 it had risen to twenty-three per cent. The alumni of Wesleyan are alarmed. Observing that many young men in the East seem disinclined to matriculate at colleges known as tending in their constituency towards feminine majorities, they foresee that the more girls come to Wesleyan, the more men will stay away. Accordingly they compute that at the present rate it won't be very many years before they have a woman's college on their hands. This prospect they face with dismay, and are stirred to avert it. What they propose seems moderate and reasonable—not at once to shut girls out altogether, but to provide for them co-ordinate education at Wesleyan in a woman's college organized within the university. This is the plan proposed by a committee of the young alumni. It will take money to carry it out. If the money can be raised, well and good; but if not, it is proposed that at the end of seven years coeducation at Wesleyan shall cease.

The moral of all this is that a system that succeeds in the Western colleges will not do in the Eastern colleges. The Wesleyan men say that for male students they have to compete with all the New England colleges, whereas no other noted Eastern college, other than the women's colleges, competes with them for girl students. Consequently they feel themselves in danger of being swamped.

THE project for a Hall of Fame for the University of New York on University Heights seems to be a serious proposition backed by an architect's plan and $100,000 in money. The gift and the plan have been offered to the university council, and both have been accepted. The new structure will be a colonnade 506 feet long, connecting two important buildings of the university. Its site is lofty and conspicuous, and looks down on the Hudson and Harlem rivers. The colonnade, we are told, "will be used exclusively as a repository of the names and histories of great Americans." On its walls will be placed 150 panels for inscriptions. Fifty of these panels will be inscribed to start with, provided fifty names are approved by the judges, and every five years five more panels will be inscribed, until all are filled. The statue or portrait of any person whose name is of record on a tablet will be received and cared for by the university. The judges who are to determine what names shall be honored are to be chosen from all parts of the country. Chancellor McCracken is quoted as saying that there is now no building in the country of the sort proposed, and that the idea of this one which is planned is that "America's greatest men, their names and their deeds, shall here be immortalized in a way befitting their greatness."

A fine colonnade on a good site, built by competent architects, will be an ornament to New York and to the university which harbors it. There is no occasion to disparage the project, which has practical merits, architecturally at least. As a scheme of adornment the plan seems good, though as a Hall of Fame it may not realize all expectations. Though there is now no structure in the country which embodies quite the same aims as the proposed hall, it will still come, in some measure, into competition with at least two existing institutions—Statuary Hall, so-called, in the Capitol at Washington, and the meritorious collection of wax figures which is open to the public in Twenty-third Street, in New York. The scope of the new hall is pretty sure to be criticised as too ambitious. It will be said that no university can hope to conduct a successful Valhalla on its own grounds; there will be difficulty about getting satisfactory judges to determine who are the truly great, and there will be disputes over the conclusions that any judges may reach. Nevertheless, the colonnade ought to be handsome and effective, and even though the great public never concerns itself very much about whose fame it immortalizes, it will still make University Heights more interesting and New York more beautiful.

LORD ROBERTS seems disposed to fight the Boers with every means the Boers use in fighting him. He has directed to be furnished to every British soldier a copy of a prayer composed for use in the field by the Primate of Ireland. It is a very good prayer—humble, moderate, and sincerely pious. It calls the British cause right and great—but it could not well do less and still be fit for use by British soldiers. Though short, it is as good a prayer as any of President Kruger's. It does not make you smile when you read it, even though you sympathize with the Boers, and that is a severe test.

MR. J. D. WHELPLEY, a Cuban correspondent known to the readers of the WEEKLY, speaks in recent newspaper letters with warm commendation of the work done in Cuba by the Cuban Orphan Society under the direction of Miss Laura Gill. He tells of the various schools which the society has started, and lays stress on the urgency of the needs it is trying to meet. Its work is temporary, and for that reason must be done the more promptly. The children to be helped with care, medicines, food, shelter, and education are those whom the reconcentration policy left destitute, homeless, and feeble. The work that may make useful men and women of them must all be done in three or four years, when they will be old enough to shift for themselves. Their health and their characters are to be established. Mr. Whelpley says:

> A million dollars invested within six months in establishing suitable industrial schools for the thousands of Cuban orphans will produce better returns in intelligent citizenship and honest womanhood than ten times that amount can produce, even if equally wisely invested, three years hence.

Mr. C. W. Gould, 2 Wall Street, is the secretary of the Cuban Orphan Society, and receives subscriptions.

ONE of the improvements that was to come with the automobile was the abolition of runaways. There were to be no more wild creatures galloping off and dragging terrified folks in vehicles behind them. Transportation for the timid had been perfected. Ladies who were distrustful of horses had provision made at last for their timidity. These expectations have not been altogether disappointed, for there are many persons now who feel safer when sitting over a storage battery, or even over a boiler and a can of naphtha, than behind a horse. These persons hire automobiles in preference to cabs. All the same, the reputation of the automobiles for harmlessness is not improving. They run away occasionally, and when they do they are crazier, more dangerous, and more destructive than horses, and harder to stop. You can't check them by waving your coat in their faces, for they have no faces. Neither have they sense nor compunction of any sort, nor the slightest instinct of self-preservation. When they get on the rampage, they behave like Mr. Hyde in Stevenson's story. An automobile, inexpertly driven, ran down a cab on Sixth Avenue in New York the other day, shot the driver off his seat and out into the street, caused the horse to run away, and sadly demolished two terrified ladies inside. This and other accidents give force to the opinion that, though the usefulness of the automobiles has been abundantly shown, their harmlessness seems to have been exaggerated. It is proposed to take measures to increase assurance of the competence of the men who drive them, by requiring them to take out licenses, which shall be issued only after satisfactory evidence is given that they fully understand their job.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS
BY SYDNEY BROOKS

NOW that events in South Africa seem to have taken a new direction, there can be no reason for not considering the enormous risks that England ran in bringing on the conflict. The only argument of expediency that Mr. Gladstone put forward when he made peace with the Boers after Majuba Hill was that to prolong the strife meant the secession of the Dutch colonists to the side of their northern kinsman, and a consequent civil war over the whole of South Africa. Whether Mr. Gladstone's fears were well based or not is still a matter of dispute. The best opinion, I imagine, rather inclines to the belief that they were not warranted by the facts. At all events, it goes almost without saying that if the danger of a Dutch rising was great in 1881, it was infinitely greater in 1899. It is true that for many years the Dutch of Cape Colony and Natal had been estranged from the Transvaal Boers by Mr. Kruger's fiscal policy, by his importation of Hollanders, and by the commercial unrest which radiated from Johannesburg. No one had urged upon the President the necessity of reform more often or more pressingly than the leaders of the Afrikander Bond, the Dutch political organization of Cape Colony. Up to the end of 1895 British and Dutch colonists lived together in as much harmony as it is possible for an Englishman or a Dutchman to live with anybody. Racial issues no longer divided them, the bitterness of Majuba Hill had wellnigh died out, and the two peoples held substantially the same views on the only question likely to part them—the question of what was to be done with the Transvaal. It was the most grievous result of the Jameson raid that it closed the door on this period of good feeling with a bang. The old animosity flamed out again in an instant, intensified on the Dutch side by the knowledge that the prime mover in the plot was the man they had followed and looked up to and maintained in office for years. The British seemingly did everything in their power to encourage sedition. They fought the Cape Colony elections on the issue of "British supremacy," and were comfortably beaten for their folly. They denounced the Bond and the Bond leaders as traitors to the Queen and conspirators against British rule, and the Rhodes press in England repeated their baseless accusations, with every adornment of insult and insinuation, till the Dutch might well have been driven into justifying the suspicions formed of them.

ENGLAND'S attitude and Mr. Chamberlain's nagging and tortuous diplomacy not only alienated the Dutch colonists from the British side, but goaded them into open sympathy with the Boers. The Dutch, like the old Highlanders, are an exceedingly clannish people; and in South Africa, where they are sprung from only a few hundred ancestors, every Dutchman is pretty sure to be some sort of a relative or connection of every other Dutchman. There was, therefore, an abundance of reason to expect that the Dutch colonists might take up arms for their kinsmen. If they had, it is worth considering what it would have meant. The Dutch in Cape Colony outnumber the British by three to two. Like the Boers and the Free-Staters they are farmers or ranchmen, all good shots and good riders, of hardy physique, and with that instinctive knowledge of the conditions of South-African warfare which the British have come to so painfully. Their rising would have meant the addition to the Boer ranks of at least 80,000 men. It would have meant that the entire interior of South Africa would have fallen into the hands of the Dutch. It would have meant that all the railroads and all the towns would have been in their possession. The small British forces would have been cut off or starved out with ease, and nowhere except possibly in a few of the ports would the British flag have been flying to-day. One need have not the least hesitation in saying that it is the Cape Dutch who have saved South Africa to Great Britain. But for their loyalty, even England must have failed to subdue the country. Even her exhaustless strength would have availed nothing.

AND they have been loyal. Incited to rebellion by every artifice which the cleverness of the Boers could suggest, maligned and suspected by the English, with all their natural instincts dragging them to the side of their kinsmen, they have nevertheless remained, as a whole, spontaneously loyal to the British crown. There have been instances of disaffection here and there, and there will probably be more before the war is over, but the numbers of the rebels who have actually taken up arms are an insignificant fraction of the whole population. Much of their neutrality may no doubt be set down to prudence and foresight, but more still, one may fairly conclude, to the winning influences of a hundred years' liberal and even-handed rule. The loyalty of the Cape Dutch under circumstances of infinite provocation is the most signal tribute ever earned by an empire to the final justice of its sway. It is an argument not only for the virtues of British authority, but for the cause in which England is now engaged. The British in the Transvaal were in a state of half-cocked insurrection because they were the victims of a policy built on the supremacy of one race over another. The Dutch in Cape Colony have become contented subjects of the Queen, and are now standing out against the easy temptation to rebel, because they have learned by experience that under the union-jack there is no such thing as inequality or discrimination between two races of white men; that both are given a fair field and no favor, with identical civil and political rights, and the use of either tongue in the schools, legislature, and law-courts.

AS though it were not enough for M. Demolins to have ministered to our complacency by writing and publishing his remarkable volume on *Anglo-Saxon Superiority*, he has now still further complimented the race by opening at Verneuil a school for the practical Anglicization of French boyhood. To English and American notions—more so, perhaps, to English than American—there has always seemed room enough for such an institution in France. The ordinary boy of the French middle classes has, nine times out of ten, but one ambition in life—to fill a government office, or, failing that, to become a member of one of the "liberal professions." But the dignity of *un fonctionnaire* is his first and most cherished ideal. His thoughts turn as naturally towards a post in the army, or magistrature, or civil service, or tobacco department, as those of an American boy towards trade. Nowadays a nation has to be a nation of either shopkeepers or officials. Napoleon made France a nation of officials, and turned to the schools as his reservoir of supply. The result has not been altogether happy. Government positions can only be won by competitive examinations, and the schools of France have become, in consequence, mere "cramming" establishments. Everything is sacrificed to stuffing the pupil with enough knowledge to enable him to place one foot on the official ladder, the top rung of which he may reach without any unusual effort and in the usual course of promotion.

The *grand internat* exists, in fact, to teach, and to teach in a way that brings in the quickest results for the moment and the fewest permanent benefits; and teaching any way is, or should be, the least of a schoolmaster's ambitions. The boys at the great French boarding-schools—at least in English eyes—seem condemned to a life of physical and intellectual anæmia. An air of listless gloom hangs round the depressing buildings and the deserted play-ground. There is no sign of the happy, bounding life that infects the visitor at Eton or Rugby. The most popular games are played in-doors, in the gymnasium. Physical repression goes hand in hand with the forcing of the mind. The boys go through their years at school with hardly a suspicion of the possibilities of corporate life. They pass their examinations, or fail and become "men of letters," and the school for them has served its purpose. They feel for it none of the affectionate patriotism that the old Harrovian feels for Harrow or the Cliftonian for Clifton. They never think of revisiting it. M. Demolins possibly overstates his case somewhat for the sake of contrast, but there can be little doubt that the French school system does cast all minds largely in one mould, does unfit boys for the habit of strong intellectual exertion, does rob them of their initiative and their ability to "rough" it, and turns them out into the world packed with an exasperating superficiality, and disinclined for anything more adventurous or uncertain than the routine of officialdom.

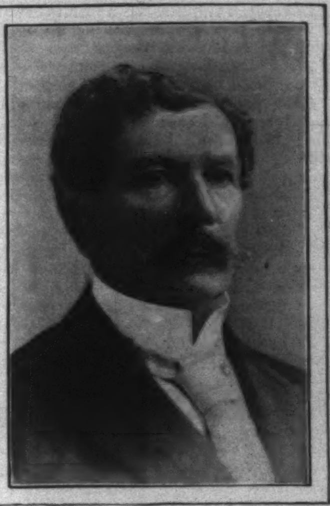
THE English schools are splendid nurseries for a governing race. Indeed, the British Empire itself, as Mr. John Corbin has shown in his very lucid and suggestive book, *Schoolboy Life in England*, is administered on principles that are merely the extension of public-school methods. Winchester, Charterhouse, Marlborough, and the rest have their faults—some of them their grave faults. But, taken as a whole, the great schools of England do lay the foundation of a sturdy and chivalrous character. They accustom boys to the habits of obedience and command, to administer their own affairs, to meet responsibility gladly, to love manly sports, and pay court to certain rough and ready ideas of honesty and justice. It is the spirit of all-round capacity they develop which M. Demolins is now trying to transplant to France. He evidently prefers it, with all its ruggedness and its occasional barbarity, to "la vigueur élégante," which M. Ribot extols as the distinctive product of the French Lycée. M. Demolins's school, "Les Roches," is run admittedly on English lines. Football, cricket, skating, paper-chases, and so on are part of the regular curriculum. The masters play with the boys, becoming for the time being boys themselves. The internal economy of the school is placed in the hands of the pupils, some five or six of whom, as in England, are made responsible for the order and behavior of the rest. The results have been surprisingly good. Readers of M. Aicard's *Ame d'un Enfant* will remember the terrorism of the "pion." This individual has disappeared from Les Roches. So, too, M. Demolins assures us, has the habit of tale-bearing, the most common and significant of youthful French vices. "Our pupils being treated like men, by degrees learn to comport themselves in manly fashion." English professors are engaged to teach English, and German to teach German—in itself a revolution—and the programme includes for each boy a three months' visit abroad before leaving school. That the pupils appreciate the new system was shown by the very charming scene that took place at the end of the first term. "You are delighted to go home for the holidays, my lads," said M. Demolins, "but I don't think I am mistaken in saying that you will be just as delighted to come back." Upon which arose cries of "Yes, yes, yes!" "Vive l'École des Roches!" We may yet live to see in France something as near Stalky & Co. as the limitations of the French character will permit.

THE Newfoundlanders complain that their interests are sacrificed by the imperial government to preserve good relations between England and France, and it is quite true that Downing Street had never troubled itself much about the matter till Mr. Chamberlain's advent. Therein lies the danger of the situation. In Egypt, French interests, in spite of an infinity of superficial nagging, really make for peace. In Newfoundland, England has overridden the wishes and natural policy of a self-governing colony on behalf of a foreign country. Mr. Chamberlain has made up his mind that it is time for this state of affairs to end. When once the question is taken up in earnest, France must either give up her rights for a reasonable sum or the two nations will find themselves dangerously embroiled. The *modus vivendi* adopted a few years ago to pave the way for a final settlement has to be renewed annually by the colonial Parliament. Newfoundland had resolved to repudiate it this year and clear up the issue once and for all; and so most certainly it would have done but for the Transvaal war. With fine patriotism it has decided not to add to the difficulties of the imperial government, but to endure the unendurable for another year—but only for another year.

THERE has always been an unexpressed dissatisfaction in England with the Queen's partiality for the south of France. The objection, of course, was confined simply to the place and country which her Majesty chose as the scene of her annual holiday. Two years ago, when England and France were all but at war over the occupation of Boussa, it was noticed with some emphasis that the Queen of England, the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs were all enjoying French hospitality on the Riviera, and Englishmen chafed somewhat under the incongruity of the situation. Since then the Fashoda business, the revolting caricatures of the *Gil Blas* artist Léandre, whom the French government publicly decorated a few weeks ago, and the increasing tension between the two countries over the Boer war, have made France, much to England's relief, an impossible place for the Queen to visit.

It was given out a few weeks ago that her Majesty intended seeking the Italian Riviera this year, where she could at least be sure of security from insult. The plan was suddenly changed last week, and the very interesting announcement made that, after an absence of thirty-seven years, the Queen was again to visit Ireland. It has always been a grievance with Irishmen, and a quite legitimate grievance, that their country should have been so markedly slighted in the matter of royal visits. A more sympathetic government than the English would never have allowed such a complaint to arise. Irish patriotism is just as emotional as it was when O'Connell declared that, if necessary, he could get "five hundred thousand brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honor, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled"; and no surer appeal could have been made to it than by the periodic presence of the sovereign. Even now, when it comes less as an act of reparation for past neglect than a recognition of the brilliant services performed by Irish regiments in South Africa, the visit can have only good effects. By the time the present Duke of York is George the Fifth of England, a royal residence in Ireland, annually visited, will be an assured fact.

A RECENT debate in the Reichstag points the futility of discussing European coalitions as though they could be built up and cemented at a minute's notice. A clause in the constitution of Alsace-Lorraine invests the Stadtholder in certain contingencies with the powers of a "Dictator." The German Liberals brought forward a motion repealing the clause on the ground that the need for it had passed. Prince Hohenlohe, the imperial Chancellor, met the resolution with an abrupt and even brutal refusal. He admitted that it implied a continuous state of siege, and "gladly recognized that the population of the Reichsland was German in feeling and loyal." Nevertheless there was an anti-German minority of sufficient influence among the clergy to make the Dictatorial clause necessary. "Alsace-Lorraine is a border country. Our neighbors are excitable. It is true that our relations with the French government are as good as they could possibly be, but there is no security that this will be permanent. We acquired Alsace-Lorraine not by *plébiscite*, but by force of arms. We mean to retain the land we have regained possession of, for that is our right." Although the Reichstag voted by a large majority to repeal the obnoxious clause, it is clear that the government means it to stand; and the plain-spoken manner in which the Chancellor pressed home the views of the Kaiser shows the impossibility of getting Germany and France to act together for some time to come.



Photograph by Bell.

Alfred C. Harmer

CONGRESSMAN ALFRED C. HARMER, of the Fifth Pennsylvania District, who died at Germantown, Pennsylvania, on March 6, was first elected to Congress in 1870, and had been a member of the House of Representatives ever since, except from 1874 to 1876. The member of Congress who has served the greatest number of consecutive terms enjoys by custom the distinction of being known as the Father of the House. To that honor Mr. Harmer succeeded several years ago on the death of Congressman O'Neill.

Mr. Harmer was born (in 1825), educated, and always lived in Germantown. In early life he was a shoe-manufacturer. In that business and as a wholesale shoe-dealer he made a sufficient fortune, which he doubtless increased in mining and railroad operations, with which he was later concerned. He was always active in politics, and was a member of the city government of Philadelphia as long ago as 1856.

Foreign Officers in the Boer Army

THE capture of General Cronje's army included several prominent foreign officers who left their native land to cast in their lots with the Boers. Major von Dewitz, the distinguished German officer whose skill as an engineer and tactician has been of inestimable value, and Major Albrecht, one of the best commanders of artillery formerly in the German army, and Field-Cornet Frus, a Scandinavian, were among the prisoners who surrendered to Lord Roberts on the fateful anniversary of the disaster of Majuba Hill. There has been considerable doubt in the minds of all as to the exact amount of outside assistance the Boers were receiving, some going so far as to say that all their military strategy, engineering and artillery skill, were due to German and French officers, and others denying that any material assistance was received in this way. The surrender of Cronje leaves no room for doubt that a considerable contingent of able German and French officers are serving with the Boers.

Major or Commandant Albrecht, who surrendered with Cronje, was formerly quartermaster-sergeant in the Second Prussian Guard field-artillery regiment, and at the termination of his service in that regiment he joined the Free State army and organized the first artillery corps. The value of this artillery has been demonstrated time and again. Commandant Albrecht's adjutant was Baron Heister, a former German cavalryman, and son of Major-General Heister of the Tenth Brigade of Gendarmes in Hanover. Before the capture of these German officers two others were killed in battle or died afterward of their wounds. These were Lieutenant Count Zeppelin and von Albydyll. The most noted foreign officer now held a captive, on the prison-ship *Penelope* in the harbor of Simonstown, is Colonel Schiel, the former commander of the foreign legion. Colonel Schiel was a German commander of indomitable will and courage, and when ordered by General Kock to hold his position in the face of a superior English force, he did so until wounded and most of his command were killed.

These captured and killed foreign officers do not represent by any means the majority of those who are fighting in South Africa against the English. Probably the most important foreigner who is devoting his services to the Boer cause is Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, formerly of the French army, who is credited with being responsible for the tactics displayed by the Boers at Colenso last December. This officer is a brave and efficient one, and he left the French army in 1896 because of the petty jealousies which prevailed in the army, and because he was refused the command of the Madagascar expedition. It is reported on good authority that he entered the Boer army with the rank of a general, and that he has supervision of the whole Boer plan, in conjunction with General Joubert, and the plans for defending Pretoria have been entrusted solely to him. That he enters the Boer army more for the love of fighting and experience than for any hatred of the English is evident from his past career. When he commanded the French division in Algiers he was one of the most prominent members of the English colony, and his daughter had an English governess.

It might be said, for that matter, that nearly or quite all of the foreign officers in the Boer army have been attracted there for the same purpose. It is not that they hate the English or love the Boers, but because they have the spirit and desire to put to a practical test the long military education they have received in times of peace. Against the English army they knew they would have a foe worthy of their steel, and they would learn more about the practical sides of military life in a few months' campaign in South Africa than they could glean from books, or experiences in tropical countries fighting against half-civilized people, in years. This and the spirit of adventure have been the magnets to attract so many distinguished foreigners to South Africa.

Besides the above French and Germans there is Major Baron von Reitzenstein, formerly staff-officer in the Third Guard Lancers, who left the German army to enter the Boer army. Baron Wichmann, formerly lieutenant and adjutant in the First Body-Guard regiment of the German Emperor, and Captain Count Rothkirch Schack resigned their positions in the German army to unite their fortunes with the Boers. Many less notable foreign officers have joined the Transvaalers and Free-Staters, and to their military education and experience not a little of the success of the Boer arms must be attributed. Otherwise it would be to discredit modern military tactics and education as taught in two of the foremost European schools of war.

G. E. W.

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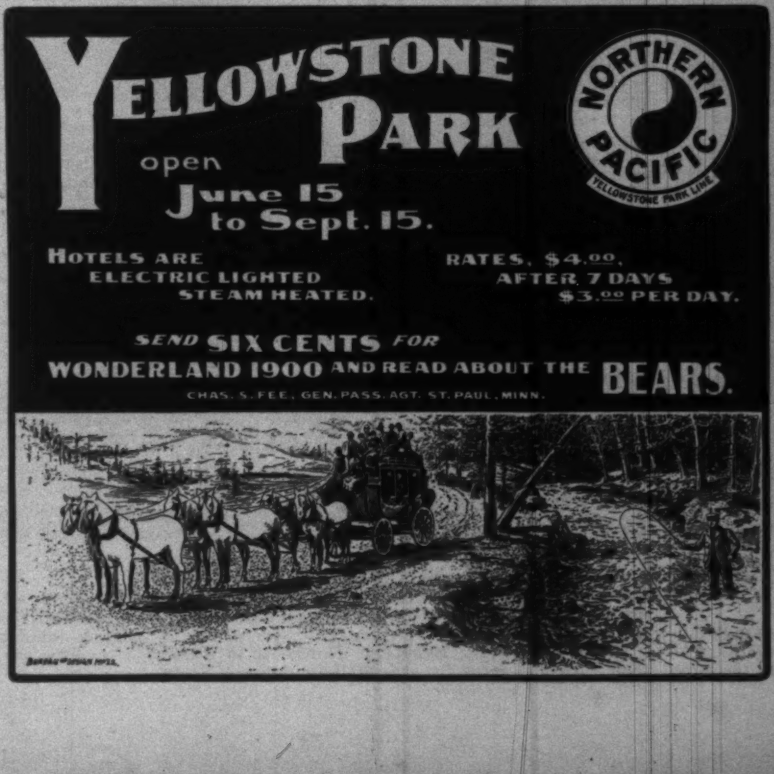

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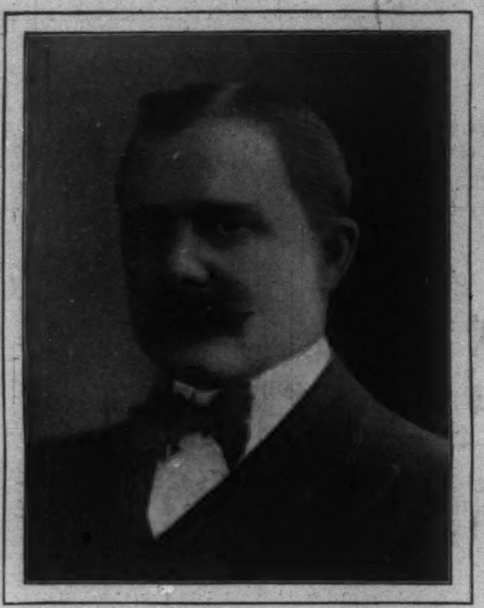


CLARK HOWELL,
Editor of the Atlanta "Constitution."

The Philippine Question as the Dominant Issue

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW

BY CLARK HOWELL

WITH the meeting and adjournment of the three national committees, and the fixing of the time and place for the national conventions, it may be said that the national campaign of 1900 is fairly under way.

This campaign is, in many respects, unusual in its presentation of new issues. Regardless of former campaigns and of old issues, the two great parties face each other in battle-array on lines which have developed since the last national campaign. This condition is the result of the Spanish-American war, and no human being could have predicted four years ago, with adequate reason for so doing, that between the last and this campaign entirely new issues would arise, on which the campaign of this year would be fought.

The dominating issue of the campaign of '84, which first made Mr. Cleveland President, was the tariff. The campaign of '88 covered substantially the same grounds, with different results, the pendulum swinging from tariff reform, pledged, but unredeemed, to a protective tariff. The money question was injected into the next campaign, successfully challenging the tariff for supremacy, and resulting, four years later, in a cleavage in both the Democratic and Republican parties. The history of that campaign is fresh in the minds of the people. Whatever may be said of the Democratic contention, or the Republican position during that campaign, there can be no doubt that the action of the Republican Congress has fixed the gold standard at least for a time, and a time longer than the life of the administration which will be created by the elections of this year.

The money question becomes of secondary importance in this campaign, because other questions have thrust themselves more acutely before the public mind, and because of the realization of the fact that the triumph of the gold standard, as much as it may be approved or condemned, cannot be overthrown by anything that can be accomplished as the result of the campaign of this year.

Unquestionably the leading feature of this campaign will be the contention over the control and disposition of the territory which has been brought under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes as the result of the Spanish-American war. The money question will figure incidentally, the Democrats reaffirming their platform of 1896, and the Republicans defending the action of their administration in the adoption of the gold standard; but the voter will cast his ballot with the knowledge that whatever may be his conviction for or against the gold standard, the result of the election cannot alter the status created by this administration, at least before the people have had opportunity to go to the ballot-box in another national election.

Democrats who have differed with their party on this issue are therefore returning to the fold and joining the majority of their party in other lines of thought in which there is less room for divergent opinion. So it may be said that many of the Republican minority, who left their party on account of its attitude on the currency question, will renew their affiliation with it this year. On the other hand, there are some Democrats and some Republicans who, while acting with their respective organizations four years ago, may be found in other association in this campaign, as the result of the realignment growing out of the question of expansion—or, as termed by some, imperialism.

There are two controlling lines of thought in the consideration of the paramount issue of this campaign: one is formed around the purpose to hold and administer the affairs in the Philippines and Puerto Rico as an integral, everlasting part of our government; the other is based upon the theory that the transpacific islands which have been providentially brought under the authority of our flag should be held only as a trust, and that their government should be administered with the view of securing the ultimate independence of their people.

One policy would put the world on notice that the Philippines are ours, to have and to hold forever, regardless of cost or consequences—the other would extend the same guarantee of ultimate independence that has been accorded the Cubans, but it would condition such guarantee upon the complete and peaceable acquiescence by the Filipinos in the authority of the American flag and the supremacy of American jurisdiction.

As the result of developments of the past year, one factor in this discussion has been practically eliminated—that which favored the immediate withdrawal of our troops from the Philippines, and which boldly announced that American soldiers were there as interlopers and conquerors, and that they would get their just deserts if they were driven into the sea. This element, with headquarters in Boston, and with its ramifications extending with spasmodic breaks from there to the United States Senate and elsewhere, was particularly noisy at first, and while not less vociferous now, it is infinitely less harmless. It is a non-partisan aggregation made up of Republicans and Democrats, and it would be unjust to it to withhold the full credit to which it is entitled for having been the chief source of inspiration to Aguinaldo and his insurrection. The answer of the American people, regardless of their opinion as to what should become ultimately of the Philippines, was firm and emphatic. They declared that the flag must be upheld; that the insurrection against American authority in the Philippines must be quelled; that the acquiescence of the natives to American control must be secured; and that the strong right arm of Uncle Sam would be backed with all the men and all the money necessary to bring about this condition.

While partisans have differed, do differ, and will continue to differ as to the policy that should be adopted concerning the future of the Philippines, it is worthy of note that the representatives of all parties in Congress have patriotically rallied to the support of the government in meeting present conditions in the Philippines, and the world has been put on notice that American manhood could be depended upon to protect and defend the flag wherever it may float.

There was at one time a disposition in some quarters—and it cannot be said to have disappeared now—to misconstrue and misrepresent the purpose of those Democrats who, yielding to none in devotion to the flag, nor in the ardor of its defence when attacked, would say to the people of the Philippines that they should live in hope of a government of their own—that when, in God's appointed time, they are capable of meeting the demands of civilization and of administrating a republican form of government, with justice to their own people and to the vast interests identified with the islands, they should be given opportunity to establish and maintain such a government. On the other hand, there has been a similar disposition to misrepresent the attitude of many of those who believe conscientiously that it is to the best interest of our government to retain the Philippines as a permanent possession. There is a vast difference between "imperialism" and "expansion," and it is entirely consistent that the latter can be accomplished without the former as a necessary correlative.

The advantage of commercial expansion to the people of this country is so apparent that argument is not necessary to sustain the contention that we should leave nothing undone to open new avenues for the extension of our commercial facilities. We are now at the open gates of China, and our hold on the Philippines puts us in a position where we can take such advantage of our opportunity as would not have been possible had we not obtained the unexpected footing given us when Dewey sailed into Manila Harbor and raised the American flag above the wreck of the Spanish fleet. Nobody denies the great benefit to accrue from our increasing trade in the Orient, and it is an unjust argument which seeks to make it appear that those who would hold out the hope of ultimate independence to the Filipinos fail to understand the importance of the extension of our commerce to the Asiatic market.

Many of those who are keenly appreciative of the riches offered in the development of this market believe that it can better be secured to American commerce by dealing with the Filipinos as we have dealt with the Cubans than by proceeding with them on the unjust basis that we have the right to tyrannize over them, as was boldly declared, in effect, that we proposed to do with Puerto Rico, whose people were formally put on notice by the representatives of the dominant party in Congress that the Spanish yoke of tyranny which had been taken from their throats by American interference was to be substituted with another of American make, the only difference being that the new one was to be of somewhat different character than the old one. There can be no doubt that this new venture into the uncertain sea of colonial experiment has already had a very nauseating effect upon the public mind. The people of this country will never be satisfied to hold Puerto Rico in discriminating bonds, and if we hold it—as we ought to do—it must be as a Territory—and ultimately as a State—with full and free access to American ports, and with American commerce given an open gate to the Puerto-Rican market. Any other course would be cruel, conscienceless, and defenceless, and the party or the power responsible for it will be repudiated by the American people.

In dealing with the Philippines, it is well to keep in view the fact that American sentiment, without regard to party, is determined to maintain the commercial footing already established there. Viewing the matter from a party stand-point, the Democrats are no less emphatic in their endorsement of this position than are the Republicans. If the Democrats contend, as they will in party convention, that our government must put down the insurrection in the Philippines; formally establish our authority, and administer the affairs of the islands with the view of giving their people ultimate independence, as we have pledged the Cubans, it will be because they think that our commercial interests will be better conserved by such a policy than by a declaration for colonial administration as a permanency. Whether or not the Republicans declare openly for the permanent retention of the Philippines and the administration of their affairs as a vassal possession, they must defend such a policy in the approaching campaign, just as its representatives in Congress have defended the theory of permanent possession in antagonism to the Democratic contention for ultimate independence.

Around these two contentions the national campaign of 1900 will wage. All other issues will be of secondary importance—the trust question, the currency, and the tariff—excepting in so far as the Puerto-Rican tariff brings up the whole question of protection as an incident to the main issue.

If the Republicans succeed in November in electing their President, returning a Republican House of Representatives, and guaranteeing a Republican administration to succeed the one now in power, there can be no other possible alternative to the conclusion that it will mean that we are to keep the Philippines as a permanent possession, maintaining our hold on the 8,000,000 people of the islands by the same process of colonial administration by which Great Britain is enabled to hold India; that our government is to be committed to the establishment of a large standing army, a half hundred thousand of which must be retained in the Philippines to insure our supremacy; that we must keep across the Pacific, 7000 miles from our own shores, a formidable armada, ready to cope at any time with the fleet of any nation with which we may have cross-purposes; that we must make a sweeping change in our system of government for the purpose of adjusting it to this newly created condition, and that the tax-payers of the country must be prepared to go down into their pockets to indulge their demand for this luxurious departure. It may develop into a profitable investment, and the tax-payer may ultimately revel in the expenditure, but the assurance is, to say the least, rather vague and uninviting.

If, on the other hand, the Democrats should win the fall elections—if they should elect their President, or, failing in that, should capture the House of Representatives, the verdict would be susceptible of only one construction, and that would be that the American people are unwilling to commit their government, the strength of which has been proved by a century of crucial tests, to a new departure in the realm of colonial administration, the basis of which is government without the consent of the governed, authority maintained by force, subjection without devotion, and submission without patriotism. Governments have been so administered and people have been so held, but not until this day has it been established that such a system of government is best, either for those who govern or for those who are governed.

Personally, I am inclined to think that the American flag now in Cuba and in the Philippines will never be substituted by any other. I think it is there to stay, and that as it was put there by the hand of God, so will it be kept by divine direction. I believe, however, that it is not force which will shape this end, but that it will come about as the voluntary act of the people of Cuba and of the Philippines. Like the Republic of Texas, Cuba, if it ever attains independence, will instinctively turn for admission to the American sisterhood of States; it is inevitable. As to the Philippines, when we have put down the insurrection, the end of which is now apparently in sight; when we have established our right to proceed to the work of reconstruction, even to the satisfaction of Aguinaldo himself; when peace and order shall prevail, and the people of the islands shall have turned once more into the almost forgotten paths of prosperity—we will bring to their hearth-stones such a practical illustration of the benefits to accrue to them from our system of government, so strikingly in contrast with the oppressive methods of Spanish tyranny under which they have bowed for centuries, that, rather than risk a return to old conditions, they will invite the perpetual domination of American ideas by insisting upon the permanent retention of the American flag.

It will take time to bring all this about—years perhaps—maybe decades. In the mean time we should deal fairly and frankly with the people of the islands, holding before them, as a guarantee of our good faith assurances of ultimate independence when, in the opinion of this government, they are able to maintain a government of their own. They will accept this guarantee, and had it been made by the last Congress the rebellion against which we have contended for more than a year would never have begun. Millions of dollars would have been saved, not to speak of the thousands of lives which have been lost, the hearts which have been broken, and the homes which have been darkened. It is never too late to do right, and it is not too late now to declare our purpose, and when this is done, to work to that end.

Along these lines the forces for the great battle of 1900 have been formed, the bugles have been sounded, and the smoke from the picket-lines already announces that the fight is on.

A Ballade of Happiness

ALE and argument, bread and cheese,
  Song and silence and neither best,
  Pipes and poetry, toil and ease,
The day for work and the night for rest;
  A cheerful sermon; a thoughtful jest;
A friend to follow, a foe to fight,
  And a hopeful heart on a hopeless quest:
These are the springs of my delight.

April rain and November skies,
  Frost in Autumn and thaw in Spring,
The bare brown fields where the ground-larks rise,
  The feathery birches where robins sing;
  Daisies to buttercups beckoning
In lanes by the morning breeze blown bright,
  And the joy of living that May days bring:
These are the springs of my delight.

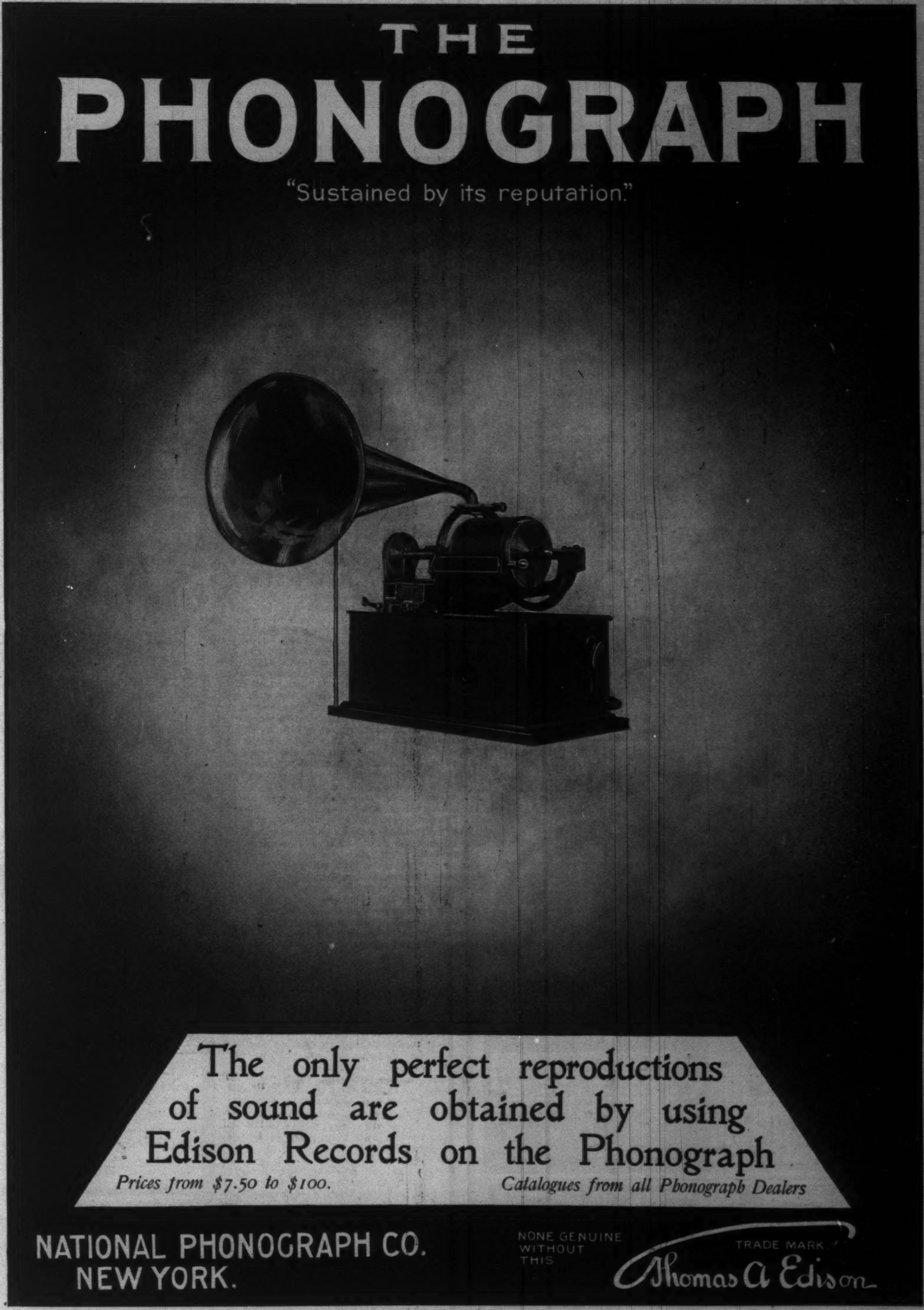
A white-capped harbor, a sea-salt gale,
  And the thunder-caps scudding across the sky,
Or the breathless calm and the flapping sail
  And the lights of the night boat steaming by;
  The wind in the trees and the low reply
Of the ripples that break where the shore shows white
  'Gainst the shadow that ancient pines raise high:
These are the springs of my delight.

The sweet content of old-time books;
  The song of the surf in the strong white sun,
And the little laugh of hidden brooks
  That under drooping willows run;
  The battles lost and the battles won,
Sunshine at morning, shade at night,
  The finished work and the task begun:
These are the springs of my delight.

L'ENVOI.

These are but pleasures, you say, that pall?
  You (and you only) shall read aright:
These—and one other more dear than all
  —*These* are the springs of my delight.

JOHN RIDD.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J. L. STACK

Army Panics

AMID the thousand stories of plot and counterplot, of tactical craft matched against bull-dog tenacity and of bravery standing out in lustrous radiance from the naked horror of war, one's thoughts instinctively turn to the reverse side of the picture and the remarkable effects of army panics. It is a fact no less remarkable than agreeable that the war in South Africa, like that with Spain, has so far been happily free from this not very edifying feature.

How an army panic begins, by which process of occult influence the same dominant instinct seizes in the same instant upon every heart in a regiment, or why veterans who under ordinary conditions would walk composedly into the yawning jaws of death will run like so many frightened rabbits in face of a phantom alarm, is one of the psychological problems to which no answer has ever yet been found.

One of the most amazing instances on record is to be found in the accounts of the recent war between China and Japan.

It happened that a Chinese regiment, which had acquitted itself with much distinction during the war, encamped one night within a mile of the Japanese lines. Three days of marching had thoroughly tired the men, who within a few moments after the reveille were lost in a heavy sleep.

Midnight was approaching, when there was heard a yell, a shot, and a cry—"The enemy is at us! the enemy is at us!" and within the next moment the road was filled with a dense mass of pigtailed figures flying in a frenzy of fear from a foe. And then, as by an electric current, the panic struck several other regiments, so that presently one-half the division was in full retreat, and only the superhuman work of the officers stayed them.

In the mean time a small minority of the Chinese troops had formed themselves into line to await the attack of the Japanese. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed without a sign, while the noise of the marching of the Japanese troops grew fainter and fainter, and then the first streaks of dawn showed the rear guard of the Japanese force in full flight. Under the influence of a common fear, the two armies had actually run away from each other in the night.

A historical case of panic may be found in the case of the veterans who had fought through the Peninsular war. It might have been supposed that these soldiers, of all others, were impervious to fear. Nevertheless they ran for their lives from an enemy that existed only in their vivid imagination.

Sir John Moore was dead, but the men who so gloriously upheld the flag were still on the disastrous but dogged retreat from Corunna. Three of the crack regiments—the 50th, the 32d, and the 24th—lay encamped in a thick wood, under the command of General Crawford. No one ever knew how or why or where the panic started. All that General Crawford could ever tell was that the woods were filled suddenly with half-dressed figures scattering in all directions from a visionary foe.

"Stop, you —— cowards—you cowards!" yelled Captain Dalrymple of the 32d; "the Frenchmen are charging on us."

And instantly the brave soldiers, who knew no fear of a living visible foe, formed to "resist cavalry," and the incident ended. Within five minutes the men were back in their tents and fast asleep.

No kind of panic, however, can ever affect the marines or the naval brigade. Long usage in alarms, tangible or groundless, has rendered them impervious to any mysterious influences, occult or otherwise.

If the reader wishes for a stronger illustration of the effect of a semi-superstitious fear upon the nerves of phlegmatic stolid Tommy Atkins, he may turn with much profit to Kipling's delightful story of the rout of the White Hussars, and the comments of the colonel thereat.

SAQUI SMITH.

The World of Finance

THE enactment by Congress of the currency measure agreed upon by the conference committee of the two Houses is a financial event of the first importance to this country, though it has been attended by little indication of popular interest. The opposition even in Congress has been tame, on account of a total lack of outside agitation on the subject, which denotes an extraordinary advance in public opinion in favor of "sound money" in the last three years of increasing prosperity. The only part of the new law that has caused much differ-

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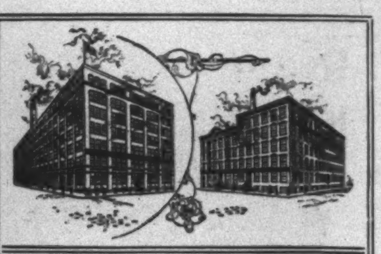

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ence of opinion among those concerned with financial matters is that which provides for refunding, at 2 per cent. interest, the government bonds which become payable in 1904, 1907, and 1908, amounting to about $840,000,000, out of a total funded debt of a little more than $1,000,000,000.

The peculiar interest attached to this provision is due to the possible effect upon the circulation of the national banks. Of the $240,000,000 of bonds now deposited to secure such circulation, $203,000,000 are of the issues to be refunded, and as the benefit of the reduction of the tax on circulation from one per cent. to one-half of one per cent. will accrue only to banks having the new bonds on deposit for security, it is likely that the other $37,000,000 will be replaced. As the banks are to be permitted to issue notes to the par value of the bonds, instead of the ninety per cent. previously allowed, the mere conversion of the security will result in an addition of some $50,000,000 to the volume of notes. The law allows, for the first time, the establishment of banks with a capital of only $25,000 in places of no more than 3000 inhabitants, and this will admit of a further increase, the amount of which cannot be estimated. There will also be an increased profit in bank circulation, the effect of which cannot be calculated. The prevailing premium on the old bonds has been such that with the tax and other charges upon circulation the banks could count upon hardly one per cent. return from bonds deposited for security. With the new two-per-cents. this will be materially increased.

The only limit upon circulation will be the amount of the capital of the banks, which cannot be exceeded. This capital now aggregates something over $600,000,000 for all the national banks in the country, and may be increased by the establishment of new ones, and the possible conversion of State and private banks to national institutions for the sake of the privilege of issuing notes under the liberal provisions of the new law. There are those who apprehend a decided inflation of bank currency, with the effect of stimulating business activity, advancing prices, and causing excessive speculation, which would ultimately bring a disastrous reaction. Conservative bankers, however, declare that there is no real danger of an excessive issue of notes, though there may be a considerable expansion of the present volume. The only serious defect which will remain in the banking law is an inadequate provision for the prompt and easy redemption and withdrawal of bank notes when once issued. The reaffirmation of the gold standard and the provision for its maintenance are generally accepted as making the government notes secure, and eliminating the only serious menace to the stability of our currency.

The money-market of New York has been little affected by anticipation of the effect of the currency measure, except to counteract what might otherwise have been unfavorable influences. The banks have continued to show an increase in deposits, and a still larger increase in loans, the latter drawing down the surplus reserves again to a comparatively narrow margin. Available funds have been somewhat depleted by new drafts by the United States Sub-Treasury, which has lately been receiving more than it has been paying out. The net result has been an advance in rates for loans, money on call ranging from 2½ to 4 per cent., while 4½ has been the minimum for time loans. Commercial paper of the best class has been discounted at 5 per cent., but the rate for a less desirable quality has gone as high as 6½. But for the prospect of new bank issues there would be considerable likelihood of a tight money market soon.

There has been little activity in stocks, except in a few uncertain lines subject to speculative operations. Railroad returns continue to be especially favorable, and the shares of the leading corporations are little dealt in on the Exchange. The same is true of the more stable "industrials," such as the stocks of the iron and steel companies. An exception is to be found in the American Sugar Refining Company, known as the "Sugar Trust," which, instead of the usual quarterly dividend of 3 per cent. on the common stock, has declared 1½ per cent., without any promise that it is to be regarded as a quarterly rate. There has been a very slight reduction in the price of sugar, and there is an accumulation of stock and a curtailment of production, which, with the aggressive competition of concerns outside of the "Trust," make the future uncertain. The receivership of the Third Avenue Railroad Company has been followed by the threat of an investigation of its past management by a grand jury, and indictments have been found against several persons charged with circulating the false reports last December which broke down the stock of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. These have been the chief disturbing elements in a rather dull stock-market.

Continued British success in South Africa has had a strengthening effect in London, although the budget submitted in Parliament indicates a war expense of $300,000,000, an increase of taxation, and a heavy government loan soon to be issued. The Bank of England has made a considerable gain in gold, drawn mostly from Russia, and money rates are firmly maintained throughout Europe. The markets abroad are generally without incident of special interest.

A. K. Fiske.

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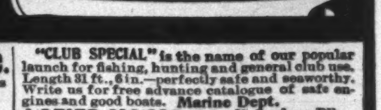

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The SIN of WITCHCRAFT
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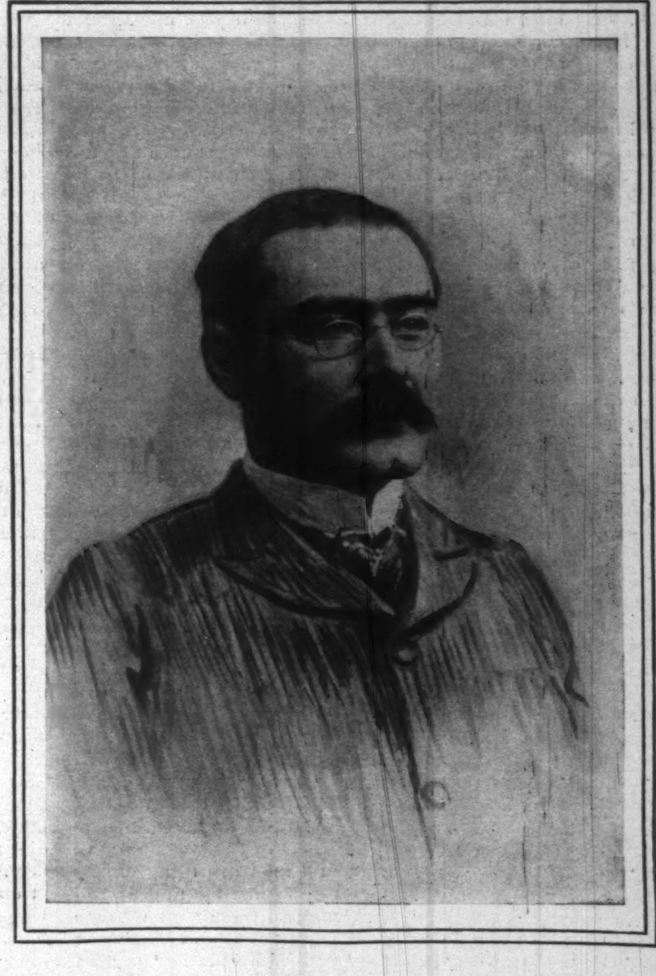
By RUDYARD KIPLING



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(By Cable to "Harper's Weekly.")

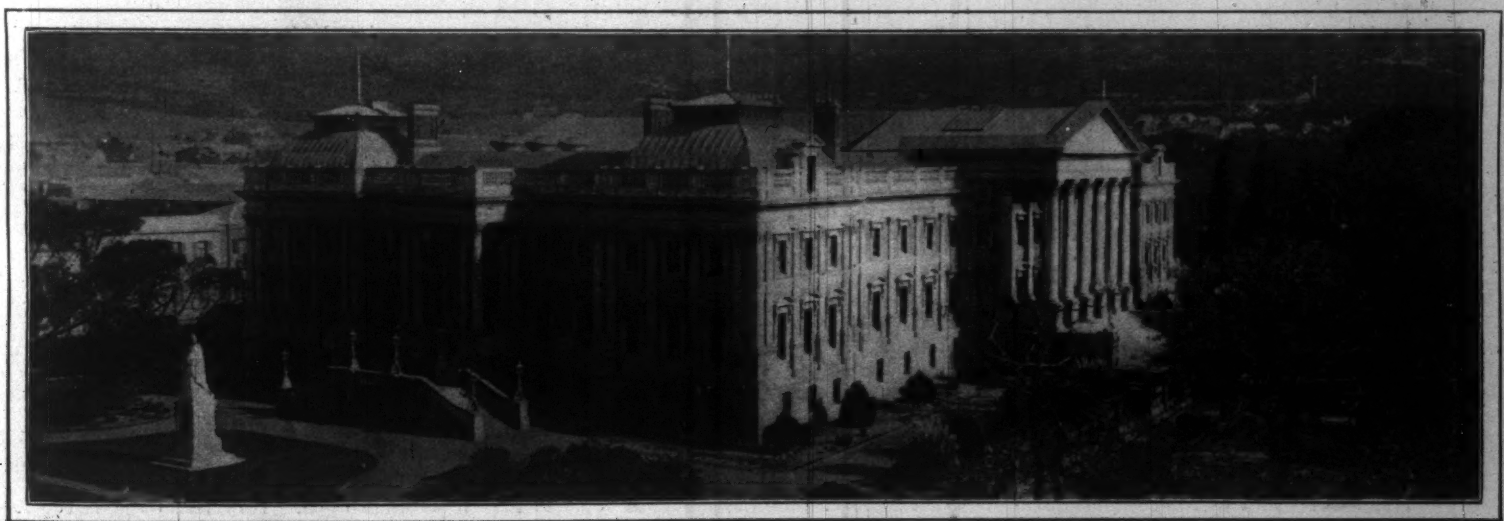
CAPE TOWN, *March 13, 1900.*

TEN years ago a man lay sick of a fever under Table Mountain, persuaded that of all vile lands South Africa was the worst; but wiser than he said, between the quinine doses, "You'll come back again when it's all over; you'll long to come back again." They were entirely right. The man hankered to see more of the fascinating country, and, in due course of years, back he came, to fall in love with heath, dysa, plumbago, the sudden flush of bloom in the karroo after rain, thunder-storms among the ironstone hills, and the big dry distances of the North. That was when one went up to Kimberley in cars of state; when Mafeking was remembered for the villany of its refreshments; Gaberones because there was a little fever along the line, and De Aar because it was a junction of the night. The wise ones—those who had given the invalid quinine—reappeared, most of them, a little older and browner and leaner—all telling one tale, all awaiting the fulfilment of their prophecies of eight years before.

"Now there is trouble," they said; "the trouble that we forecast in 1891, when we were laughed at. That trouble is growing, and will presently come to a head." And then they told tales in the clubs, and on the railway platforms, looking over their shoulders, for the land was full of spies and all mistrust. "And," said one of them, "when that trouble begins, remember that from Cape Town to the border we shall be in an enemy's country. Remember too that as it was in 1881, the government will take care it does not pay any one to be loyal."

They were bitter and angry men two years ago. They are scarcely less bitter now, though the war has been going on four months. They still look over their shoulders when they say certain things in the club; they still sink their voices when they record certain facts, and are careful of their surroundings when they would speak freely; but it is to be remarked that the Cape Town clubs are not quite so full of members who personally shot Colley at Majuba, and two years ago there were several. In many small ways, not to be too optimistic, it seems as though there is growing, if not toleration, at least a certain respect for Englishmen. The contempt, at all events, is less open. I speak only of Cape Town as she faces the crowded bay, where lie all the steamers that ever a man has used in his business: P. & O's., Cunarders, White Stars, Orients, British Indias, Wilsons, and long-forgotten tramps masquerading as troop and supply ships. These bring men, not enough of them yet, but a fair allowance of mud-colored men, whom the town notices out of the corner of her eye ere they disappear into camps and trains. These bring guns—clay-colored guns—not enough by any means, but indubitable guns; those weapons which so many have assured their doubting friends England did not possess. Traction engines patrol Adderley Street, hauling a score of loaded trucks at a time. Mule and cattle boats load the air. By the South Arm, and at the railway station, or rather in that railway town that runs from here to Salt River Junction, are stacked girders and rivets to mend broken bridges.

The first fine careless rapture of the war died out long ago. It takes something very special in the way of troops to stir Cape Town nowadays (the post-office and the government buildings are still as singularly economical of bunting as ever they were), but those of her sons who are not at the front make their little profit out of the passing traffic. Dimly and distantly Cape Town realizes that that thing called the British government is now in earnest. She hopes not too much in earnest. She



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

prays very deeply that some of that earnestness may be diverted, or, if there be not too much danger to life and property, actively thwarted by some of her faithful children; but at heart I do believe that Cape Town is a little disposed to reconsider her position. She sees no end to the troops and the guns; the strange men from the ends of the earth; the cattle, the mules, and the horses; the boxed machinery, and the walls of ammunition-boxes. In her leisure she learns something across the club tables from men born and bred in the Colony who have seen fit to risk their hides in the colonial corps. The language is not of the book, and I think it shocks and revolts her. She had always wished to remain neutral, and the talk is positive. It is delivered very clearly, but in a low voice, for fear of creating scenes. It is meant to instruct, not to amuse; and it is backed with illustrations and instances that have not yet appeared in any journal.

Let us suppose that you who read these lines had been out with Rimington's jayhawkers, or somebody else's flybynights, riding hard and sleeping light for weeks; had been chewing horse dung round Colesberg; catching sand colic from muddy water to the eastward, or chasing into the hot land's sunnyside way. Suppose, now, by forethought and a little luck you had caught a few dozen veritable rebels, neither Free-Staters n r Transvaalers, but registered voters who had been firing at you as you blundered desperately across barbed-wires fences. Suppose that you had not shot your prizes, but had turned them over to the military authorities. Suppose now that through some accident of marching these registered voters across a section not under martial law the civil authorities had received them with open arms; had prepared feather beds for them to fall upon, and by some hankypanky of civil law which you, ordered out on a new expedition, could by no means counteract, had sentenced them to practically nominal punishment. I am, of course, putting a purely supposititious case, but suppose at last that you were sent down to Cape Town sick, and met above the white table-cloth and crystal which you had not seen since November a clean, quiet, collected gentleman in authority who had never been farther than Stellenbosch since the war began, and that gentleman chaffed you about your ill success with your captives, and you had the best of reason to believe that he and a few friends of his had used their authority to undo all the work you had paid for with sweat and saddle chafe and dysentery and sun fever. I put it to you, what would you say to that urbane and well-washed friend smiling craftily across the table?

So it comes about that social relations in Cape Town are a trifle strained, and that men have given up talking to one another who once preserved the semblance of civility. No, it did not pay to be loyal in 1881. That is one reason why men who were loyal then are fighting hard against us, and it pays very little better now. The loyalist on the border has his house ripped inside out by Boers or rebels, or both; the disloyalist's farm is respected, and in return he supplies the enemy with food, horses, and information. His risk is small. He may possibly—but not if his friends can stop it—be arrested on a charge of treason. He may then be sent down country to be tried by a sympathetic jury. He hopes, and not without reason, to have his farm restored to him after he has undergone some absurdly inadequate punishment. Meanwhile the loyalist's piano is lying wireless on the veranda; photographs of his house show the rooms as though cyclones had met to wrestle there; his flocks and herds are gone; and the baby-linen is lying on the dung heap. He and his family crawl into Cape Town in overpacked trains, and get what consolation they can from singing "Britons Never Shall be Slaves" on the platform. Then do Messrs. Kruger and Steyn enter into correspondence with Lord Roberts as to the atrocities committed on a virtuous population by a brutal and licentious soldiery. And out in the dust and glare to eastward the various jayhawkers and night cats and catchemalives of our irregular corps may be forgiven if they vow that the next time they are fired upon from a registered voter's farm they will not wait for an authorization countersigned by fifteen officers ere annexing all the registered voter's stock. In sober truth, only a Gilbert & Sullivan operetta can parallel some of the affairs in which the military and civil authorities have met over the bodies of suspected farmers, or the correspondence of disinterested officials.

The loyalists declare that, properly handled, open disloyalty could be reduced to a neglectable quantity. "What, then," they demand, "is the sense of creating and propping and supporting the thing as you created and propped and supported the Transvaal till it bit you?" They have a certain amount of reason on their side, and it may as well be set out to defeat, to delay, to evade, and nullify the workings of a just punishment, at first cautiously, but later made bold by toleration, with an insolent carelessness of security, to preach sedition under guise of abject loyalty. To malign unscrupulously and to lie malignantly and with knowledge among an ignorant people is a merry and profitable game while it endures. The players, however, do not see, or, busy with their small intrigues, will not realize, that for each man whose neck they save arises another, and yet another, desiring nothing less than their necks. It is a brutal way to put it, but things are not all cream and honey in Cape Town just now, and I confess it gives me the cold creeps to watch these smooth-talking, smiling men explaining to their intimates, as they have explained these ten years past, how this and that will surely be softened down in the interest of some imperilled rebel; how help will come from here, and support from another quarter; and how little in any case to be feared is the British government. They will attend to it all; they will arrange; they will explain; they will influence; they will speak with the enemy in the matter. Truly the guns and men and the steadily arriving ships are annoying factors, but England cannot keep up the supply. She has drawn on her last resources; the capitalists are nearly tired, and, above all, the military are immensely fools and most easily hoodwinked. The home government is weak and of many minds; they are present, omnipresent; they maintain intimate relations with all sides; with the front and the far more important "back front," which begins at Pretoria.

First news of all our movements comes to their hands, and also first news of all our reverses. They can make it unpleasant for the magistrate who does, and the civil servant who sees, too much for the zealous station-master, or the uncommunicative telegraph clerk. Above all—and it was that that gave me the shudder up my back, the same which you get when you see a man rioting a little before his end—they are persuaded that their own lives are absolutely safe. Nothing untoward can befall gentlemen of such address and influence, so they devote themselves to their gospel, which preaches that it is not wise politically or departmentally to be over-loyal. "We admit all that," say the sagacious and the statesmanlike, "but when the war is over and the British flags come out of all the back cupboards, and men are filing claims for compensation for disturbance by the wicked Free-Staters and Transvaalers, these men will see which side their bread is buttered, and will work loyally with the constituted authorities. Our first business is to break up the Boer armies and confront them with the accomplished fact." This may be statecraft, and the foreknowledge that these gentlemen will enjoy positions of distinction and emolument under a peace which will have been won in the teeth of their efforts, seems a mighty poor present equipment for the loyal colonist. He consoles himself, however, with the hope that at the end he may be permitted to file affidavits and bring witnesses—hundreds of witnesses—charging certain men, not with isolated acts of treason and sedition, but with deliberate and calculated treason extending over a long period. He believes that the British public, who by then will have lost no small number of friends and relatives, may listen to something so fantastic and absurd as an impeachment, and a trial far away from kindly supporters and admirers; and it rests with you, O British public, to fulfil his hope when you hear, as you will hear, what you will call a howl go up from this side of South Africa demanding that certain men be put on trial for certain definite offences. Do not, I beseech you, shut your ears. There is no need to be vindictive; there is a great need for justice—such justice as is dealt coldly and deliberately months or years after his crime to the murderer or the man-slayer. They will pray you to let bygones be bygones, they will beguile you, and buy men to beguile you, with lies of the danger of increasing race hatred; they will appeal tearfully to your magnanimity behind the victories of your men; they will shelter themselves for their very misdeeds; they will take credit to themselves, urging that if they had not done a little evil greater harm would have befallen the Colony. They will coax, they will threaten, they will bribe, and in the last resort they may turn Queen's evidence, but when that time comes listen at least to the case for the prosecution; take the trouble to read through the affidavits, and see that some of those hoary heads come to the trial.

Our own folly and wilful blindness have already given us enough to answer for. We have condoned that for which we are now paying with good lives, but there is no sane need why we should at the end endorse dirty little felonies. We owe this much, not to ourselves, but to the Colony at present a section of the land. That Cape Town I have talked about is like a woman who has just thrown her cap over the windmill. Excitement enables her to brave many things, but the reckoning from her family and her little world is yet to be faced. The Colony's world is a large and a growing one; the circle of her acquaintances today runs from Edmonton to Invercargill, from Perth to Halifax. What the Colony thinks of them as they pour north in the laboring trains, or, all new to Adderley Street, buy the *South-African News* in mistake for the *Cape Times*, is a matter of no importance. What they think of her matters a great deal, not to-day, but the day after to-morrow. They are not by any means the English of the island in their notions. The Colony cannot say that they are untroubled, or do not understand her peculiarities, for they too have known the life that is lived out between a horse and a veranda under hot blue skies; they too draw from the townships lost in vast plains. They are accustomed to manage their own affairs in their own way, as they are accustomed to accept responsibility, and, wise in the management of men, there is no trick or turn of Cape politics save one which they cannot duplicate in the land of their birth. They have hurried in from self-governing communities, whose men act and think and write a little more freely than you do at home, and they perceive that from Cape Town to the border they must consider themselves in an unfriendly land. A few of them are now nursing wounds, which they owe to early and accurate information received by the enemy from the registered voters of the border districts. Others, and this is quite as important in their eyes, have lost meals and drinks through the carelessness, shall we call it, of those whom they unreasonably expected might be their friends.

Now, men who are used to dust in their food do not care to have it thrown in their eyes. Five, six, and seven thousand miles away anxious young communities are waiting for word of their men. No detail of their doings goes unrecorded by the big dailies whose wrappers you have never opened, or by the little cheap newspapers with the patent insides. Move a mixed colonial contingent fifty miles here across country, and Winnipeg, Quebec, Canterbury, Wellington, and Brisbane are also moved over; and above that, they will write to their papers. These men's letters will be read and re-read at cross-roads stores, in railroad round-houses, in way-side dossers' camps, at up-country race-meetings, at little Masonic lodges along the wharves of big exporting houses, and in the clubs of all the white man's world. Do you see, therefore, that the long-enduring scorn, the terse, sticking contempt, the happy epithet spat out in a dusty camp, to turn up double-leaded in a journal of 80,000 circulation on the other side of the world, will not come from England? The Colony will be branded by her own brethren, by the open-air men who have voted regularly since their majority and who own the houses they live in. She dare not say that they have been bought by the capitalists, influenced by the press, or prejudiced by their insular training. It is her own caste in Punchayet that will strip the Colony of her caste. She will be left with her climate and her geographical advantages, but her place among our peoples will go over to little Natal, while her honor is trailed round the world at the heels of these returning horsemen. This is unjust—bitterly and cruelly unjust.

I developed the forecast at some length to a South-African, and there are no words to paint his extreme objection to this medicine. He was quite unconsoled by the reminder that the Cretans have not yet recovered from the effect of a hasty hexameter of old days, and that the Laodiceans have "passed into literature." It struck him as a piece of hideous brutality, for he loved his land with passion—you see she is his own land, in agony and great torture, and it cuts him to the soul that her name should be soiled. He says that she has more loyalists fighting in the field than Natal; that there are thousands of men and women, their relatives fighting on the other side, their hearts torn in three pieces, who still bide loyal. "Is it not," he asks, "enough that when peace comes the disloyalists will be petted and raised to honor without this last shame upon him and his?"

There is one way out of the horror, and one only. The men who have befouled the Colony are known. They go abroad. No man lays a hand upon them. They have become careless in speech, and this is important—indeed at the proper time those men can be made the means of saving the Colony.

A WINTER STAGE-ROUTE IN THE MINING REGIONS OF EASTERN OREGON.

Mining Experts, Promoters, Engineers, Owners, etc., on their Way into the Sumpter and John Day Country.

prays very deeply that some of that earnestness may be diverted, or, if there be not too much danger to life and property, actively thwarted by some of her faithful children; but at heart I do believe that Cape Town is a little disposed to reconsider her position. She sees no end to the troops and the guns; the strange men from the ends of the earth; the cattle, the mules, and the horses; the boxed machinery, and the walls of ammunition-boxes. In her leisure she learns something across the club tables from men born and bred in the Colony who have seen fit to risk their hides in the colonial corps. The language is not of the book, and I think it shocks and revolts her. She had always wished to remain neutral, and the talk is positive. It is delivered very clearly, but in a low voice, for fear of creating scenes. It is meant to instruct, not to amuse; and it is backed with illustrations and instances that have not yet appeared in any journal.

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The loyalists declare that, properly handled, open disloyalty could be reduced to a neglectable quantity. "What, then," they demand, "is the sense of creating and propping and supporting the thing as you created and propped and supported the Transvaal till it bit you?" They have a certain amount of reason on their side, and it may as well be set out to defeat, to delay, to evade, and nullify the workings of a just punishment, at first cautiously, but later made bold by toleration, with an insolent carelessness of security, to preach sedition under guise of abject loyalty. To malign unscrupulously and to lie malignantly and with knowledge among an ignorant people is a merry and profitable game while it endures. The players, however, do not see, or, busy with their small intrigues, will not realize, that for each man whose neck they save arises another, and yet another, desiring nothing less than their necks. It is a brutal way to put it, but things are not all cream and honey in Cape Town just now, and I confess it gives me the cold creeps to watch these smooth-talking, smiling men explaining to their intimates, as they have explained these ten years past, how this and that will surely be softened down in the interest of some imperilled rebel; how help will come from here, and support from another quarter; and how little in any case to be feared is the British government. They will attend to it all; they will arrange; they will explain; they will influence; they will speak with the enemy in the matter. Truly the guns and men and the steadily arriving ships are annoying factors, but England cannot keep up the supply. She has drawn on her last resources; the capitalists are nearly tired, and, above all, the military are immensely fools and most easily hoodwinked. The home government is weak and of many minds; they are present, omnipresent; they maintain intimate relations with all sides; with the front and the far more important "back front," which begins at Pretoria.

First news of all our movements comes to their hands, and also first news of all our reverses. They can make it unpleasant for the magistrate who does, and the civil servant who sees, too much for the zealous station-master, or the uncommunicative telegraph clerk. Above all—and it was that that gave me the shudder up my back, the same which you get when you see a man rioting a little before his end—they are persuaded that their own lives are absolutely safe. Nothing untoward can befall gentlemen of such address and influence, so they devote themselves to their gospel, which preaches that it is not wise politically or departmentally to be over-loyal. "We admit all that," say the sagacious and the statesmanlike, "but when the war is over and the British flags come out of all the back cupboards, and men are filing claims for compensation for disturbance by the wicked Free-Staters and Transvaalers, these men will see which side their bread is buttered, and will work loyally with the constituted authorities. Our first business is to break up the Boer armies and confront them with the accomplished fact." This may be statecraft, and the foreknowledge that these gentlemen will enjoy positions of distinction and emolument under a peace which will have been won in the teeth of their efforts, seems a mighty poor present equipment for the loyal colonist. He consoles himself, however, with the hope that at the end he may be permitted to file affidavits and bring witnesses—hundreds of witnesses—charging certain men, not with isolated acts of treason and sedition, but with deliberate and calculated treason extending over a long period. He believes that the British public, who by then will have lost no small number of friends and relatives, may listen to something so fantastic and absurd as an impeachment, and a trial far away from kindly supporters and admirers; and it rests with you, O British public, to fulfil his hope when you hear, as you will hear, what you will call a howl go up from this side of South Africa demanding that certain men be put on trial for certain definite offences. Do not, I beseech you, shut your ears. There is no need to be vindictive; there is a great need for justice—such justice as is dealt coldly and deliberately months or years after his crime to the murderer or the man-slayer. They will pray you to let bygones be bygones, they will beguile you, and buy men to beguile you, with lies of the danger of increasing race hatred; they will appeal tearfully to your magnanimity behind the victories of your men; they will shelter themselves for their very misdeeds; they will take credit to themselves, urging that if they had not done a little evil greater harm would have befallen the Colony. They will coax, they will threaten, they will bribe, and in the last resort they may turn Queen's evidence, but when that time comes listen at least to the case for the prosecution; take the trouble to read through the affidavits, and see that some of those hoary heads come to the trial.

Our own folly and wilful blindness have already given us enough to answer for. We have condoned that for which we are now paying with good lives, but there is no sane need why we should at the end endorse dirty little felonies. We owe this much, not to ourselves, but to the Colony at present a section of the land. That Cape Town I have talked about is like a woman who has just thrown her cap over the windmill. Excitement enables her to brave many things, but the reckoning from her family and her little world is yet to be faced. The Colony's world is a large and a growing one; the circle of her acquaintances to-day runs from Edmonton to Invercargill, from Perth to Halifax. What the Colony thinks of them as they pour north in the laboring trains, or, all new to Adderley Street, buy the *South-African News* in mistake for the *Cape Times*, is a matter of no importance. What they think of her matters a great deal, not to-day, but the day after to-morrow. They are not by any means the English of the island in their notions. The Colony cannot say that they are untroubled, or do not understand her peculiarities, for they too have known the life that is lived out between a horse and a veranda under hot blue skies; they too draw from the townships lost in vast plains. They are accustomed to manage their own affairs in their own way, as they are accustomed to accept responsibility, and, wise in the management of men, there is no trick or turn of Cape politics save one which they cannot duplicate in the land of their birth. They have hurried in from self-governing communities, whose men act and think and write a little more freely than you do at home, and they perceive that from Cape Town to the border they must consider themselves in an unfriendly land. A few of them are now nursing wounds, which they owe to early and accurate information received by the enemy from the registered voters of the border districts. Others, and this is quite as important in their eyes, have lost meals and drinks through the carelessness, shall we call it, of those whom they unreasonably expected might be their friends.

Now, men who are used to dust in their food do not care to have it thrown in their eyes. Five, six, and seven thousand miles away anxious young communities are waiting for word of their men. No detail of their doings goes unrecorded by the big dailies whose wrappers you have never opened, or by the little cheap newspapers with the patent insides. Move a mixed colonial contingent fifty miles here across country, and Winnipeg, Quebec, Canterbury, Wellington, and Brisbane are also moved over; and above that, they will write to their papers. These men's letters will be read and re-read at cross-roads stores, in railroad round-houses, in way-side dossers' camps, at up-country race-meetings, at little Masonic lodges along the wharves of big exporting houses, and in the clubs of all the white man's world. Do you see, therefore, that the long-enduring scorn, the terse, sticking contempt, the happy epithet spat out in a dusty camp, to turn up double-leaded in a journal of 80,000 circulation on the other side of the world, will not come from England? The Colony will be branded by her own brethren, by the open-air men who have voted regularly since their majority and who own the houses they live in. She dare not say that they have been bought by the capitalists, influenced by the press, or prejudiced by their insular training. It is her own caste in Punchayet that will strip the Colony of her caste. She will be left with her climate and her geographical advantages, but her place among our peoples will go over to little Natal, while her honor is trailed round the world at the heels of these returning horsemen. This is unjust—bitterly and cruelly unjust.

I developed the forecast at some length to a South-African, and there are no words to paint his extreme objection to this medicine. He was quite unconsoled by the reminder that the Cretans have not yet recovered from the effect of a hasty hexameter of old days, and that the Laodiceans have "passed into literature." It struck him as a piece of hideous brutality, for he loved his land with passion—you see she is his own land, in agony and great torture, and it cuts him to the soul that her name should be soiled. He says that she has more loyalists fighting in the field than Natal; that there are thousands of men and women, their relatives fighting on the other side, their hearts torn in three pieces, who still bide loyal. "Is it not," he asks, "enough that when peace comes the disloyalists will be petted and raised to honor without this last shame upon him and his?"

There is one way out of the horror, and one only. The men who have befouled the Colony are known. They go abroad. No man lays a hand upon them. They have become careless in speech, and this is important—indeed at the proper time those men can be made the means of saving the Colony.

A WINTER STAGE-ROUTE IN THE MINING REGIONS OF EASTERN OREGON.

Mining Experts, Promoters, Engineers, Owners, etc., on their Way into the Sumpter and John Day Country.